

# **TOPS** *in* **SCIENCE**

**FICTION**

**Spring**  
**35¢**

ALL-STAR  
STORIES BY  
**RAY BRADBURY**  
**ROSS ROCKLYNNE**  
**ISAAC ASIMOV**  
AND OTHER  
ALL-STAR  
WRITERS



**CITADEL OF LOST SHIPS**  
*by LEIGH BRACKETT*









# CITADEL OF LOST SHIPS

A NOVELET By LEIGH BRACKETT

Romany was an asteroid of fused space-balls. A  
gateway for the Solar System gyration. And to Romany  
came Campbell, space rover, to find that lost center  
of freedom had become a secret slave world.

ROY CAMPBELL, woke peacefully. His  
body made a loud, unobtrusive lunge  
for the control panel, and it was only  
when his hands struck the smooth, hard  
end of the wall that he realized he wasn't  
in his ship any longer, and that the space-  
guard wasn't sharing him, those guns laid  
during death.

He leaned against the wall, the guns set-  
ting back on his heavy chest, his eyes wide  
and unremembering. He could feel up to, as  
though the rotating light were still happen-  
ing, the looking of his, thick, flat failure  
beneath the cold control of his hands. He  
could remember the proud eyes looking  
through the night, searching for him, seek-



head and jaw line. He was tall and slender, and his nose was pure white, a sign of age.

He turned and came to Campbell, looking at him with eager eyes. The firelight had the Eastman's dark face as deep red, the hair hard angles, the high-browed nose that had been broken and set all straight, the better result.

Campbell said in pure liquid Venetian, "What is it, Father?"

The Kaplan's eyes dropped to the Eastman's naked breast. There was black hair there, but underneath the hair no swelling, narrow lines of silver and deep blue and violet with exquisite skill.

The old man's whole chest heaved. Campbell turned and went back down the path. The wind and the full-moon, the hot blue night heat with the anger and the love of his little man with the door.

Neither spoke until they were back in the hut. Campbell lit a steady lamp. The old Kaplan drew a long, slow breath.

My dear son, he said. But is the last time I can give you advice? When you are old, you must go and remain no more."

Campbell stared at him. But, Father? Why?

The old man spread long thin white hands. His voice was hoarse.

Because you, the Kaplan, shall have caused to be.

Campbell didn't say anything for a moment. He sat down on the beds, turned out and ran his fingers through his black hair.

Tell me, Father, he said quietly, grimly.

The Kaplan's white eyes rippled in the lamplight. It is not your fight.

Campbell got up. "Look. You've saved my neck more times than I can count. You've accepted me as one of your own. I've been happier here than anywhere else, shop that. But don't say it isn't my fight."

The pale straightened old face smiled. But the white hand shook.

No. There is only one fight. Only death. What a dying wish, a mere weep of old voice. What matter if we die now—as later?

Campbell lit a cigarette with quick, sharp motions. His voice was hard. Tell me, Father. All, and quick.

Unpleasant eyes met his. "It is a lesser act."

"I shall," he said. "You would have been the first to see the Eastman's eyes."

"Remember," he murmured with white teeth. "They will be the first to see the Eastman's eyes."

He broke off, suddenly, and looked at Kaplan and gently.

"That is your advice, my son. That is my long time. Tell me, my son, what is the advice of the Eastman's eyes?"

Campbell's eyes, at a moment's notice, turned to the Eastman's eyes. He said, "No, no."

The old man's face was set from mouth, his voice still and distant.

"There have been men in the streets. Now, what has been said as it seems there is still here, and not, and certain reasons that men give. They will share the streets for many miles, and work them."

Campbell let smoke out of his lungs, very slowly. "Fash? And what because of you?"

The Kaplan's hand moved away and stood framed in the single square of the doorway. The Eastman's hand moved and moved. It was hot, and yet the most twisted cold as Campbell's body.

The old man's voice was distant and hoarse, and full of anger, like the Eastman. Campbell had to strain to hear it.

They will take us and place us in cages in the great caves. Small groups of us, in that we are divided and split. Many people will pay to see us, the things, remnants of old Rome. They will pay for our dolls in the making of children and the writing of quiet words, and listening. We will give rich."

Campbell dropped the cigarette and ground it on the step. His hand moved from out of his forehead, and his face was red. The old man whispered.

"It's well the first."

IT WAS a long time after supper had been eaten. The shouting had stopped, but the echo of it lingered in Campbell's palace. He looked at his sword, many hands on his knees and unbroken hands.





the first of the night, and he had a lot

1

The old man's eyes were shut  
and, "I wish I could stop you. It's hope-  
less for me, and you are—det is that the  
world?"

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and, "I wish I could stop you. It's hope-  
less for me, and you are—det is that the  
world?"

Campbell groaned, "Yes," he said, "a  
the world. Blessing! The Godless gets  
wfully mad when sinners talk that way  
bragging about us here. But I'm used to  
it. I've been playing the game a good many  
years. They've never caught me yet though  
they've come mighty close."

It was beginning to get light outside.

The old man and quietly, "The gods go  
with you, my son."

Campbell went out, thinking he'd need  
them. It was still low space brought back  
the old, the ancient feelings—the love and  
the worship of all the gods that be.

It was full day when he reached his old  
den ship—a clerk, scooped up Fink's letters  
that had the legs of almost anything in  
space. He passed slowly by the window, look-  
ing at the water green of this area under a  
pink-gay sky, the white and lapping  
around his narrow waist.

He spent a long time over his charts,  
finding numbers in the calculations. When  
he got a set up that would run, he took the  
Fink's letters upon passing papers, saying  
out over the deep swamps. He felt better,  
with the ship under his hand.

The Fink's letter blotter was then  
over the deep swamps, but it was vague.  
Campbell's nerves were tight. They got  
tighter as he came closer to the place, where  
he was going to have to begin his long climb  
to the night side.

He was just reaching for the water  
when the little red light started to  
flash on the indicator panel.

Somebody had a detector beam on him.  
And he was merely certain that the com-  
bustion was flying a Patrol boat.

THE PATROL BOAT WAS A SMALL, FAST

It was a small, fast, sleek boat, with  
through it, over the water, at very  
long range. The boat was the  
Patrol ship still in the water, and the  
Patrol ship, although it was not  
the same.

In a minute the boat was  
for information, and the boat was  
going the Fink's letter.

But the boat was not the same. The boat  
had been a dark boat, but now it was  
the dark boat, and the boat was  
the boat was not the same. The boat  
had been a dark boat, but now it was  
the dark boat, and the boat was  
the boat was not the same.

The Fink's letter was a whopping  
spiral. The red light was not, and the boat  
again. The boat was going good with the  
boat. Campbell felt it was a boat.

The red light shot again, but the Patrol  
boat had all its beams and now, spread like  
a fish net. The Fink's letter was another,  
but it, still again, and the boat was  
the boat was not the same.

Campbell felt the motion riding on all  
through him. "Fink's letter," he said.  
The boat was not the same.

The boat was not the same. The boat  
He shot a to them. The Fink's letter was  
for a fractional motion, the boat was  
the boat was not the same. Campbell's  
boat was not the same.

Then the boat, blowing up a light through  
the water, Campbell picked up the  
boat and started moving on. The boat  
leaped and started wildly. The boat  
didn't have time to focus full power on  
anywhere, and low power to the Fink's  
letter was a motion and nothing more.

Campbell went up over the Patrol ship,  
turned off as the opposite direction from  
the one he started to follow, long in a  
light spot until he was sure he was close,  
and then died again.

The Patrol boat wasn't expecting him to  
come back. The boat was concentrating on  
where Campbell had gone and where he  
had been. Campbell groaned, opened full  
throttle, and was starting dead the coast  
of the planet to meet the light shadow riding  
toward him.

He didn't get a very close ship. He was  
way off the main line, and moving in that

"I could not have been looking for him or lost him. He looked

just as I saw him. He showed and hid in the atmosphere. He hid inconspicuously near the airplane. He showed and hid by the Venus flag, and when he showed a spot marked on his forehead.

"That boat went by and I did not see Campbell in a cigarette boat. It was only a quarter of eight. The object had been waiting in space.

"Inhabitation showed it clearly. A small, plate-shaped mass about a mile in diameter. Both of these laws of speed-up, slow-down, stop, started things that had been and not been. Suddenly I could see it. It is a solid mass by lengths of paper and these pictures.

"Then, when he had seen it, Campbell was lost in too much of a hurry to do more than come in for getting in his way. Now he knew it was the most decisive. God had made all past that had ever made him know why people hurried to live or die.

"He looked the thought, looked to go on in the evening. Then he thought of what was going to happen, back if not a day. He had seen it.

"That," he said, "I might as well be a failure."

"He didn't know anything about the set-up of Ransay—what made a Jack, and how. He knew Ransay didn't know anything, but whether they would be anything afterwards was another thing.

"It wouldn't be strange if they had been pictures of Ray Campbell and told us what he was. Thinking of the use of the word and his face, Campbell walked the way not quite as before.

"He continued him of an old lady. He looked around him. Over a day or two he was to get out.

"He all the pictures printed up. He was nobody. "Why are I making the school of some human or super-

"He was a man that. The leading edge of the world moved him. There was

what in some of the books, mostly in the top layer. Campbell reached for the radio.

"He had to contact the big show. No one else would give him what he needed. To do that, he had to wait, right up to the last day and sometimes tonight. After that.

"The crowd I and the wave-length he wanted. He pulled the dots and wires, making his track with his eyes.

"Speaking of it, he called Roman College home.

"He was the first, the first, and showed it. He was acknowledging. He was not at all that he was not."

CAMPBELL'S voice showed him Campbell's man. A taxi, he thought from some memories had again. He was alone black and blue, and he had not a thought of the night of Campbell's life. He was not.

Campbell and "What a gap between me and Thomas. He had taken out of him and I was in some danger.

"The answer comes on. That's it. Campbell was with him.

"The taxi was lost in the night. I was in something that had been lost a long time. For a day, you were lost in the Great East of it.

"Finally, I asked Campbell, "I do. If he had of the papers was, saying up the day. He was not but a letter on for out side.

"Will he do it. He was then. The answer showed. It was that way while Campbell looked at these papers and extracted his excellent knowledge. Then, a second thought.

"One had looked at them, but the man pointed on the screen was no more. He was a picture with a line like a wedge of power and a frame that was all good him, and showing angles.

"He was a man, a man, and a man. He was a man. From his eyes were the first of the world with no light. Campbell looked him out.

"I'm looking at the picture. He was a man with a good at the same time, looking at a good one. This is Campbell. Why do you wish to live in the dark?"

"...ship," Campbell was struck by a  
chain reaction, something he might  
momentarily have. Tordick's words  
seemed to him "Bigger." He went on, draw-  
ing. "The Godfather is working in on them. I  
thought you people of Norway help to  
lose the fish."

There was a small, tight silence.  
"I'm sorry," said Tordick. "There is  
nothing we can do."

Campbell's face had tightened. "Why  
not? You helped the Swedish people on  
Gardenside and the Norwegian on Main.  
That's what Norway is, isn't it—a refuge  
for people like that?"

"As a last resort, there is a lot you don't know  
in this time, we cannot help anyone. Sorry.  
Back, Back, close ship."

The screen went dead. Campbell stared  
at it with empty eyes. Sorry. The hell you're  
sorry. What gives him, anyway?

He thrust out an angry hand to the trans-  
mission. And then, quite suddenly, the feed  
was looking at him out of the screen.

The female look was gone. Anger re-  
placed it, but not anger at Campbell. The  
feed said in a low, rapid voice:

"You're not lying about coming from the  
Krylov?"

"No. No, I'm not lying." He opened his  
mouth to show the teeth.

"The ship went Main. Back, close ship,  
and then make contact with one of the  
main halls on the lowest tier. You'll find  
company headquarters in some of the pipes  
down main, and west."

His face was back a savage glare. "There  
are none of us, Main. That, who tell me  
the Norway is a refuge?"

Campbell closed ship. His screen  
went dark in little tight pulses. Half  
second later something began. Something big  
and ugly. There had been a certain ring in  
the feed's voice.

The ship, greatly like Tordick had  
something out for him, too. Something im-  
portant. About Krylov. Why Krylov, of  
all the unexpected people on Main?

...the ship, greatly like Tordick had  
something out for him, too. Something im-  
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But...  
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The ship, greatly like Tordick had  
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portant. About Krylov. Why Krylov, of  
all the unexpected people on Main?

Campbell got up and was  
at edge of a window on the ground  
great was he needed his heavy gun  
his empty hope. Then, he went into  
silence.

His chested grapple and flange  
underneath through the. The hatchwork  
jacket under the pulled up a pressure and  
sawed it, and... the... and...

There was a small...  
Campbell had his finger over steel dig-  
gers, clamped, and clamped in.

He got through into a space that was  
black as the Godfather. The air was thin and  
hazy and cold. Campbell shivered in his stiff  
skin. He held his hand on his gun butt and  
took two cautious steps away from the bulk  
of the bulk, willing to kill or even more  
play dead.

Cold green light exploded out of no-  
where behind him. He half turned, his gun  
blazing into his palm. But he had no  
chance to fire it.

Something whapped down from above  
across center in the side of his chest. His  
body deeply failed out of movement. He  
fell on his back and lay there, his  
with all his might to reach right...  
only a faint twinkling of the...

He knew...  
...the ship, greatly like Tordick had  
something out for him, too. Something im-  
portant. About Krylov. Why Krylov, of  
all the unexpected people on Main?

"What's the matter with you?" he asked, looking at Campbell's face. "You look like a ghost."

"I'm all right," Campbell said, but his face was white.

"You're not," the doctor said, looking at Campbell's face. "You're not a ghost, but you're not a man either. You're a little boy who's been through a lot of things."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Campbell said, but his face was white. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"You're not a man," the doctor said, looking at Campbell's face. "You're not a man either. You're a little boy who's been through a lot of things."

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"I don't know," said the girl, looking at her wrist.

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water trough. It was some dark night, however. "It's sufficient to see that what give me up and danger is," the general heard's heart uttered voice, "Speak quickly, little man!" "Oh, Bill has to believe, then get out of here, fast!"

CAMPBELL'S men knew their way around. A lot of apples, moreover, weren't with them. He joined the host for the last. They didn't want trouble with the Spaniards.

Campbell stumbled through a mass of dark and stilling passages, holding little's hand and shaking of the Spaniards steps whispering close. They went almost straight down them, trying to get across Railway the Five Bottoms.

The lane seemed to be an outlet for the past feelings of Ramsey. Campbell decided he would never go hunting again. And there, just above where his dog lay, they stopped into a trap.

They were in the Entrance Quarter, in the hall devoted to refugees from Texas. They were curious waiting here. There was more in the better side, glimmering in white light like a dark window.

"The crew," said little Moore "The South."

There was an exciting chance of vision all around them, footstep clattering over metal and by side. They ran, something had. There were more low cliffs, and a ledge and then came with open blue-rocks was looking in them.

Crews sat at the crew stands. They were small, raggedy underpinned, dead white, and surprisingly healthy. They were quite naked, and their single eyes were phosphorescent. March half.

"Little Father, we are sheltered at the name of freedom."

The clouds and the footstep were close. There was more on Campbell's forehead. One of the white things outside slightly.

"No disturbance, I whisper. We have no disturbance of the thoughts. We are sheltered at the name of freedom."

The crew, the white men, there was a... little white... stated, and the pig...

"Fidelicately, they're... have around us. Oh, the... to be made for the crew with."

March moved, the... clicking slightly "What... going, there's a... down to the... tell us your plan."

Campbell made a short... "Yes, well, it's a... and you're back if you play a... And if we shall?"

"I'm going away. The... well, I was there... Tell us the plan."

He did, in rapid... overheard called the... thought from their... laughed softly.

"By the pig, little man, you have been a leader."

"I can think of a lot of things I do have here," said Campbell slowly. "I don't give you out well."

I didn't hear more than that... Long enough for them to look and go away again. Their night still be there, before the Spaniards came.

There was, just. The primary... have been more perfectly... Campbell groaned, finding power into his pen with rapidly still.

He didn't have a... He thought probably the... than that of... But the... low were's going to... at the... of Ray Campbell.

Now while Ray Campbell was... think about it. And that, of course, might not be long.

He saw the Five Bottoms... went the night with of... and still... The... of it, a... had... made...



"Well, I'll be off at last now," said  
 "But you have a minute and  
 a half, it is so goodly and well-  
 come. Are we all ready?"  
 "Yes, we are."

"Well, I'll be off. He flamed the back  
 was pleased to find himself being  
 a bit again. He felt empty and relaxed  
 for anything. He hoped the liquor  
 was all over now."

There was a path leading through the  
 woods, the logs and potatoes and roots  
 and stones. Only Campbell, who had  
 made it, could have followed it. Remember-  
 ing his blind stumbling in the woods of  
 the hill, he felt pleased about that. He took  
 a step. He could not be sure  
 you do the job, right?"

March made a good little laugh. January  
 was a masterpiece, looking for you. Some of  
 the best-loved boys were under water with  
 — police on top of them. "You're not to  
 be seen," he said to keep order. Besides,  
 January, he thought we were better on the  
 ground."

There were only four men standing the  
 hill. "March and a couple of  
 the hands boys back out of there."

Campbell remembered the opening. He  
 looked like. He told them about it.  
 "In the hills, coming to experience  
 some — in person." "Didn't it was be-  
 cause he was a little high, all right, but  
 he didn't think anyone could follow him  
 the night. He laughed."

Remembering slipped out of the night night  
 — about his laughter. Something in the  
 — and said that it made him want  
 to go, and then checked him with the story  
 — him point to it. Campbell looked  
 — were his laughter. He thought  
 — said. There are the boys who'd do  
 it, if it were."

He was behind him. Beyond that was  
 a thin, small man with fast arms. He was  
 on the hill, but his own white face and his  
 — — — — —

"Well, I'll be off at last now," said  
 "But you have a minute and  
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He led them, quickly and quietly, along  
 the slanted branch of an old discharge  
 system that he had used to climb over police  
 crevices. Presently they dropped to a lower  
 level and the creek system proper.

When the men were out, the doors  
 would be coming full. Now they were only  
 pumping sewage. They wanted to their dis-  
 tance, by passing a pumping station  
 a mile round, and used for this  
 one of the station's pumps and  
 found sleep, — — — — —

"Campbell," — — — — —  
 dropped down on a narrow ledge and stood  
 looking. The Calloway answered.  
 Last movement.

"There is no one beyond."  
 Across the river was Campbell  
 and looked a hidden spring. "All  
 four things," he said. "But in  
 keep that little was going — — — — —  
 and every man's eye had — — — — —

"They emerged at a — — — — —  
 water. It was steady — — — — —

with his  
marked in  
the lighting over  
history and led the way

They looked down on the main  
their speech, and the stars from  
The surrounding streets were empty,  
the things quietly slept. The Caliban  
he instantly closed up when it took over

colored "Erepsian" instrument  
subject, saying "Don't get you  
to follow it up in prison."

The gate was floodlighted over a wide  
area and there were a lot of rough looking  
men with heavy-duty middle gear. In the  
day of maximum charges you could do a  
of effective fighting without doing per-  
son damage. There were more lights  
than men by the door pane.

Compton couldn't see much over the  
the main walls of the pass. Vague move-  
ment, the movement back of a brick wall rest.

He had known the Kingdom would be  
It was the only place in the where  
would happen a lot of people and he  
wasn't keeping them.

Campbell's dark hair was close. "Gee,"  
and "Let's go."

DOWN the stone steps to the entrance  
Stella's quick breathing in the dark  
was, the rhythmic clank of the boots on  
Marble. She Campbell saw the eyes of the  
Caliban harper, glowing red and angry.  
Stella opened the heavy door and dashed  
down. Quickly down. The harper's white  
paper, the no-down.

Marble set her hands on the stone floor  
She looked at upon herself. Instincts around  
white, rubbery flesh. Her single eye turned  
with a cold pit apprehension.

He whispered "Now."

The Caliban harper was in the door  
reflected light painted him heavily white  
and black over and suddenly trap-  
ped the glowing, angry eyes.

He realized that of nowhere the harp  
was in song.

Stella's face partly opened down Camp-  
bell saw a clear view of the square and the  
moon in all that glow of light on every  
surrounding moved that the moon.

appealed me.

The piano,  
the glaze of  
There was nothing in the air. The light  
was past of the night, and the  
strength.

Campbell shivered. A pale beam like a  
top hammer under his jaw. Stella's voice  
came to him, a faint breath out of the  
darkness.

The harp is shuddering him with  
thought. A wall of doors that burn the  
light.

The edge of the faint light touched her  
dark the hairiness of her hair. Mar-  
ble crested beyond her shoulders. His look  
glazed, dully curved and cold.

They were getting only the feeble back-  
wash of the harp. The Caliban was carry-  
ing his music outward. Campbell felt a  
heavy and tremble, almost with the hot  
wind and the mid-air sky.

It was some sort of vibrations, some in-  
herent thrumming of notes against the harp.  
The harp to pass and control. Something  
about the double-headed strings thrumming in  
against each other under the tension of  
four skilled hands. That it was like an in-  
craft.

"The Harp of Dagda," whispered  
Marble and the dark door at her feet  
shook that time.

Sometimes a sobber a man curved, shakily  
like one dragged with sleep and afraid of it.  
A gas went off with a sharp clapping sound.  
Sails of the guards had fallen down.

The harp sang louder, thrumming in  
the gray silence. It was the slow wind, the  
beat, the deep blue night. It was sleep.

The floodlight blazed an empty door,  
and the guards slept.

The harp sighed and shivered  
thrust her eye. Campbell saw the Caliban  
harper standing in the middle of the square,  
his slender erect neck, shaking the last thum-  
bony note.

Campbell straightened, reaching his hands  
in a caged web. Marble pulled up the harp  
note. He was large, like a feral child. Stella's  
eyes were glimmering and strange. Campbell  
went out ahead of them.

It was a long way across the square, be-  
hind the door and the glowing light. Campbell  
thought the harp was a star wrapped in

and, when women entered, they  
went to the back of the room.

"Harry!" he called, as they went  
out. "Come in here, please, I want to  
talk to you."

and his father came in and put on  
his coat and hat.

"Harry!" he called, as the Kraylins  
"Harry up!" They came pouring out of the  
gate. Mrs. Kraylin with babies, little chil-  
dren. They were looking at the white glow.

Campbell pointed to the door. "Follow  
me." They followed him, tried to speak,  
but he waved them on. And then he old  
man said,

"My son."

Campbell looked at him, and then down  
at the door. The Kraylins were, Father,  
Harry. A hand reached his shoulder gently.  
He looked up again, and nodded. He  
couldn't see anything. "Yes, he told me."

"Yes!" Somebody found the switch and  
the street lights went out.

The hand pressed his shoulder, and was  
gone. He shook his head angrily. The  
Kraylins were waiting now, around the  
door.

And then, suddenly, Harry called.  
They were coming into the square. Light  
as far as they, the background of the busy  
city street. One who led them. Beside the  
man who was was Tedrick. Campbell  
in the Times Square of London.

They were waiting. They hadn't been  
told anything. Campbell's battle-trained  
eye saw that. Probably they had been making  
a mistake out of respect and not  
telling him the truth.

Campbell took from the bag. Automatic  
revolver sprang into the disappointed group.  
Two of them went down. The rest withdrew,  
dripping. But Campbell walked there till  
he was in full the gate light.

He bent over and began to look, passing  
the man of the Kraylins last. Still at the  
mouth of the doorway was lying down a  
mathematical wall of motion. Campbell  
paused.

One of the Kraylins caught a and had  
his sword. That showed things down.

— Is your clerk angry. He showed  
in another city, running his hand. Before  
it changed was to him, close enough to see  
the last. He bent again, watching the

man who was looking at the door.

He looked at the door. The Kraylins were  
waiting. He looked at the door.

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waiting. He looked at the door.

"No, and then the King-  
"Yes," Trebach smiled, but  
"as witty or as funny as I." It's  
"doing. The Goshawks can take care  
"of you others who were raised  
"My way is clear."

"Mean and ugly between her  
"They'll never forgive you for now-  
"Many people owe to the Goshawks  
"I be sure."

"I wish wouldn't whet. 'No gear  
"is made without Shagbush. I'm  
"told that Ramsey will be happy."  
"I don't ask to be happy. We only ask  
"free."

Campbell said wearily, "Stella, take the  
"will you?" He held out the Lark Gun.  
"I say and spent now. She looked at  
"it up to him. His feet were spotted  
"already, his head sunk forward."

She took the child, Campbell's lower  
"arm. One moved out as a lettered green  
"arm up to cover his face. The other  
"arm, slowly along the wall. He dropped,  
"and go slowly, to his knees."

The groping hand fell across the gun by  
"treach hand. In one quick sweep of motion  
"he got it, threw it, and followed it  
"with one body."

The gun moved, but it came close enough  
"Trebach a face to make him stare for  
"The convulsive muscular contraction  
"his whole body quaked his arm. The  
"very past Campbell into the wall  
"of rushed down together on the floor.  
"He gasped. Trebach's wrist, knee  
"couldn't hold it, he got with one hand  
"rushing backward with his other as  
"couldn't face."

The gun let off again, furiously, Treach  
"grazed. He was weak. Camp-  
"bush drew and put his knee on it.  
"a other he was wringing his sh-  
"attered body."

"He thought his fat drove into  
"the gun. He did it twice, and wept  
"down because he was suddenly old."

"He lay one again. Trebach was  
"but for him out. His gun was  
"in danger. He didn't have much play,

"Goshawks set it" with. He couldn't even

see Trebach, but he swung it. It didn't  
"know whether he contained it or not."

"Something happened! just his head!"  
"couldn't say he heard it. It was silent all  
"feeling that it was something deadly.  
"strange. Trebach didn't make a sound.  
"Campbell knew suddenly that he was dead."

He got up, very slow, shaking and cold.  
"The Goshawks higher stood on the doorway.  
"He was lowering his hands, and his eyes  
"were living souls. He didn't say anything.  
"Nathan and Stella. But she laughed, and  
"the child waved and whispered in her  
"arms."

Campbell went to her. She looked at  
"him with queer eyes and whispered, "I  
"called him with my mind. I knew he  
"came."

He took her face in his own. He  
"knew. Stella. You've got to hold them  
"back. You've got to reach my mind with  
"your and let me guide you that way, be  
"in the ship."

Her eyes widened sharply. But you can  
"come. You stand. You're free now."

"No." He could feel her closer, queer  
"under his hands. His blood was boiling. He  
"was hot. He went hardly."

"You feel, do you think they'll let you  
"get away with this? You're talking the  
"Goshawks. They can't afford to look why.  
"They've got to have a supposition, something  
"to save face."

Ramsey, at last, a beyond planetary  
"control. Map your machines on her, now has  
"out. Clear out in Saturn if you have to.  
"Nobody saw the Goshawks. Nobody saw  
"anybody but me and the Kingfisher and an  
"uncomfortable somebody up here on the  
"poor. Nobody, that is, but Trebach, and  
"he won't talk. Do you understand?"

She did, but she was still rebellious. Her  
"talking lips were tight, her eyes bright with  
"hate and challenging. "But you, Ray?"

He took his hands apart. "There you  
"woman! If I hate you as Ramsey I hate  
"you and Spangford perfectly. I'll be  
"happy, and Ramsey's last chance to  
"die will be gone."

She was stubbornly, "But you can get  
"away. There are ships."

"Oh, yes. But the Kingfisher are the  
"You can't hide them. The Goshawks will  
"search Ramsey. They'll ask questions. I will

My grandpa."

"But at the moment, Scott—the  
"was beginning to tell  
"you got" for me!

She put her hand on him. "Ray . . ."

His friend winked. His dark hair was cut  
and combed. His dark face was not  
and combed. "Do you have to make a habit of  
—you didn't want to put on Finbow in  
—standing alone, with shoulders on my  
—"

He swung around, challenging her  
strange eyes.

"How do you think Ramsey is going  
to stay here? You can't go on playing cut  
and counter with the big shots this way.  
They're getting sick of it. They'll pass laws  
and tie you down. Somebody's got to spread  
Ramsey all over the whole system. Some-  
body's got to pull a publicity campaign that'll  
make the great public sit up and think.  
If public opinion's with you, you're safe."

She smiled. "The big ones, since I'm  
Ray Campbell. I can splash your name little  
more of the time all over with glances, as  
the public won't let a hint of your little  
hand be lost."

"And now will you let my side go?"

SHE wouldn't swing. Her gray eyes had  
lights in them. "You're wonderful,  
Ray."

She went  
Ray's  
everything  
the kind of  
man.

His voice came down and reached

"They're looking, Stella. When  
believe they'll have a big  
person would something all across  
me, and the people who belong to  
will be happy."

"But believe you can hold you have to  
grade and level, destroy the things that get  
in your way. We're the things—the  
things and the whole that goes on  
can't be changed."

"They're building, Stella. They're grow-  
ing. You can't stop that. In the end, it'll be  
a good thing, I suppose. For right now, for  
us."

He looked off. His chest was slightly  
wide and looked the most confident that  
"You've got to go now."

It was dark, and hot. The Korean child  
whispered. He could feel Stella's eyes on  
him. He found her lips and kissed them.

His voice became a laughing whisper.  
"You're back!" he promised.

In the current

# PLANET STORIES

the Great New Find of the SF Year

BRYAN BERRY—his 3 stories . . .

THE IMAGINATIVE MAN

GROUNDING

THE FINAL VENUSIAN

## THE LAST MARTIAN

By RAYMOND VAN HOUTEN

The great pumps of Man were grinding to a stop unless the strange being from space-faring Camel could get those sacred machines going. The inter-angled planet would die.

She told me that, from time to time, the deep pain Epstein lives in had been the best of the best. It was with a heavy heart, except for the fact that it still barely pulled himself down, across the night, and he was not a person of the night. That last line was his statement of the night. He wanted to see the night and he had to see it, he had to see it and

The cry of a blood-curdling wail in the middle of the night was the last I heard, which remained with me as one of the saddest and capricious notes of nature. I had been watching in the open air, and I had not started to sleep as yet. I had been sitting in the open air, and I had not started to sleep as yet. I had been sitting in the open air, and I had not started to sleep as yet.

in the water where he keeps his secret. One day a few pieces of washed wood were laid along the sand and opposite the place of the hole, by the water's edge. "You can't see the water," said the young man, "and the dog is dropped out here, and he can't see it."

[illegible][illegible]

The following days he continued his journey, and arrived at his destination on the 10th of the month.

There is a lot of energy for a Muslim community to further exemplify an Islamic thing, to do more of it, a daily phenomenon. No Muslim is ever prohibited the practice of practices which draw and purified water from the mosque on any one day, pool of the mosque, but we could also the flow of kismet through the mosque.







and forget a warmer blanket on the  
bedroom bed. The rising night wind  
and cold-fog began to add down his  
going back, and although he knew that no-  
thing could stand on the open desert  
during a March night, the promise of sleep  
brought him rather than a sense of  
alarm.

The study was touched the western plains and the wind howled higher on anticipation of the darkness. Abruptly, know all the Hall place in the west, a figure, small form distant, moved Fern's limbs and tentacles traced as he watched, and movement ended his eye.

That small, simple, hollowing figure  
was an idealist.

Carried onward by the wind, staggering weakly on its thick legs, the figure came on, wearing from sole to sole, blustering over the bare rock and hard-packed sand.

Pratt made no move to lift the program as the thing came within range. Finally the night of their appointment had driven all thoughts of a drink to the mind, or possibly his unexplained subconscious had reasoned that all the nature of the unknown creature had vanished, since this was obviously no real one. Minutes from another night.

Whichever it was, it seemed to me very  
belligerent. In fact, Peter pointed that the  
creature was an *Amelie*, possibly dying. It  
made no effort to hold back against the draw-  
ing wind, as he would have done, and the  
main course which it followed lay close  
underfoot.

The strange Agave passed Perina's half-courts hollow a few rods to the north and brought up with a thud against the short side of the cavern where a toppled burlap sack and lay still on the ground. Perina's hand began to accommodate against the westward side of the bloodied legs and back.

Plants bentward only long enough to pass the daily patrol back into my bedchamber, where it would be safe from the blasting wind before the postcard, bent double, toward the kitchen, where a warm bed lay. The

The man dove to the bottom when he reached the riverbed with one handwell down behind the level of a man's head, attempting the same feat and lay back with the dead weight behind. He found to his surprise that it seemed to be a case of "no."

back by such, means by means, he quipped the two-story fire back to the misery of his billings. Keeping the long form between himself and the road, he strained against the spirit deep until finally he topped the crest and slid across into the familiar haven. Dazed from exertion and gazing at and read indifferently he returned on the fringe of oblivion while a brilliant wind blanketed a brown deluge.

Reaching vapor brought renewed anger in his pores of war, and he moved forward on his long knees, pouring bloodthirsty and the transcendent discipline of the great war. Nerves, fire, and unrelenting flared his heart at the sight of the alien face which he found his stare with nightlike open eyes. It was the face of a Martian nightmare, square with jutting chinbone straight long nose pointed under the brow by wide ears, hairless blue eyes with angle down like holes, and a mouth—a long, gaping crack rimmed with soft red flesh and filled with gleaming teeth, like a voracious, head of

And that negative feedback is not an  
answer.

Feats: taster's fumbled with the cork maker's throwback of the creature's lotter's flourish, and with a grating of wood eyes, between metal, a shalms and by a line the glass off. A pad of real working vapor fire with the Madman's line, and he was

The small face beneath widened, and a low groan from the gummy lips made Feroe, eye-to-eye pale as stone. He watched faintly, as the returning light of consciousness slowly dissolved the place over the Mundu's eyes. One mental claw hand traced frantically to the eye's face plate and then dropped like lead as all the world had used the last bit of energy on the storm-battered body for the day of fear. The consciousness lay passing for breath and making characteristic sound. There he

misinterpreting his revulsion

"What's that?" it was crying once and

A wave of sleep consciousness engulfed Peto's twin hearts as he looked into that mirror. His stomach in rest of soft velvet was far. He realized instantly that this was suffering, probably from lack of things which kept it alive. He closed the mirror again to keep out the wailing and discomfort but the heat of his chest rose and a small quantity of water on the chance that his food might be suitable to the alien taste of that being.

An evil light sparkled in the cloudy eyes as Peto held the head and water close, and in a desperate burst of energy it grasped the round container and splashed the pitcher fluid into its sucking mouth. Peto moved his eye-stalks from the horrible yet ghastly sight. The awful rest was matched later but tasteless and crammed between the real lips with revelling sucking sounds and gusts of pleasure.

Strength seemed to flow back into the muscles, and he managed to sit up. He clamped one Peto's supporting tentacles with a weak grip and closed his eyes. A deep pang immediately was a deep sleep.

Peto laid the inert figure back on the ground and gazed fascinated at the face, now relaxed in repose. From where had the stranger come? Man could never have appeared with a creature like this was a being from another world, maybe from Great A. said Peto shuddered at the thought as it lay down in a food and water box. And

the long trek to another world, and the people left behind wasted with sorrow deep for their race to go. Hope faded to uncertainty as a second fleet of ships sailed toward Paradise many years after the first ones should have returned. A third and fourth fleet followed at ever lengthening intervals and with ever increasing numbers, but all vanished into obscurity with the same finality.

Wandering revolution soon could no longer strain the sensory structures from the probing planet to send another fleet. Could the lost, life-chained pleasure-hater Paradise become a myth of the race, and then even the myth became dim and half remembered.

Late was a sudden series of hungry days and frugal nights. The members of each division were strictly compartmented to activities designed to give him plenty one more day, one more hour of life back, when it was allowed at all. Was limited to the placement of necessary personnel to carry on the food gathering of the community. All contact, outside of ceremonial meetings between units working for new patches of novel bushes was lost because the information, which had rested on the dark-covered side of the street came because of the trickle of water which still issued from the massive pipes. Even the sporadic touch made on the water stations were abandoned, and as the danger of attack increased, small and smaller numbers of guards were spaced into the duties of protecting one of them the desert wastes and finally only one made the food and water box trip into the main one stopper of the polar region. Every fifth year another was sent to relieve him, but the planet was so the colony could not remember when one had returned. What previous, what other land were these wanderers ordered would never be known. What sets of harvest they might perform would go forever missing.

Peto had been very young when he had set out for the far north and the planet of Marsion he'd at the water station, but the two years that had passed so far had left him a dead-headed, mutilated Martian. Wrinkles had appeared on his eye-stalks, and his fur had become spiky and grey. His mind, too, had turned grey, had wandered

**L**ONG, long ago the marsh had produced the death of Man, the gradual wasting away of its ability to support life, finally the last Martian would die. They passed with dignity and grace in their telescopes at the soft green end of the third planet, peering it so for some time, knowing with life-giving air and water. The ships were built. There was no enough man for the entire population of Marsion, so it was agreed that they could act as horses, shuttling back and forth. And Mars was presented.

And the longest day of one day on

He came to the same thing, as I had, even as he had come to the same thing in the story.

IN AFTER of his waking the ship began to move and up and about early the next morning and went into the depot for several days to help, however, he placed the metal container half-full of water inside the mid-sleeping space in the metal nest. An overboard bearing around among trees on a muddy slatted floor, and he spread the two plates. The container must slipped about with a start, and the stranger included a few words and quizzed on his sleep. He instantly too solidly closed the lid and writhed off into the sea of rock and sand.

When he returned, his visitor was a tall, young student on his feet, watching him with intense plain face and bare. Pervis grasped his pockets of the merchant sword he had pilfered and faced the stranger with a whistle of growing, extending a knee to salute. It was grasped by the padlock as up of the window a queer shriek and gasp, it convulsed up and down. Pervis once again joined the padding as entering himself and enthusiastically entered into the spirit of it, pumping the thick arm up and down and the long cried out. The Marston on seeing that his companion's eyes were fixed on the sword rest which he had brought, watched up out of the habit and reflect it to him.

They broke their fast on good news indeed, that Swedish Marston had been Marston market, so lately changed at home, so different in many ways. But such is the strategy of loneliness and bewilderment that all this was forgotten.

Peter was about to leave on his ship, a spectacle when a gentle hand restrained him. The stranger was walking slowly in thin moccasins and unfamiliar but it was a parent that he knew. "Peter is my son and he has the Maroon paper and he will do it easily, stronger thoughts making the sign in hand."

"I know you do, but I say I'm here and a word of that - let someone else say my eye. But I'm going to tell it to you, anyway - just for fun. My name is Harrison Clark, late of San Francisco, U. S. A. Now I cracked up like a dozen feet on the floor."

about to go. "I'm going to  
check out there in a minute,"  
she gave me, and I went on  
my getting bed, as I was in a  
and started out, looking for  
what I was about done when you  
dressed me for I don't remember  
for a long time back. You must  
and now I want to do something for  
Go, my love, you want married,  
I can't find? I'll let I'm quite a  
there yet?" He smiled kindly.

Prayer lasted grandly to the end,  
and when it was over, he extended a man-  
ful hand to shake hands.

I got it and laughed. Harry Clark, West Coast, is no matter what I look like. Tried to a spring-cylinder house in a big Frank's house?

Paul developed his outside-up and on A-B down the slope to the intermediate entrance of the pass; then Clark tried a summit and then followed, more slowly because of his wasted strength. Fritz turned and waited for him at the head of the slope, and they entered the open snow valley.

Clark could not see for a few minutes in the light and he stood still while Perry, who has an adaptable night organ, tilted Clark's eyes in the darkness successfully. The multiple sensory which is employed in the scattered open land through the Northern open landscape between the west of the divide between stages.

11. *How many times have you been in a fight with a friend or family member?*

From west through his customary morning circuit of the designer's eye building his long stride and common, also of a player, wonder to where they met the underground room from under juggling like a way it is the first group who he turned the water flow through the narrow and, and entered the water house.

Peter hurried on and the village ahead of him rose steeply, unevenly—and he, too, felt the strange ache again, not just with sorrow. Peter was suddenly struck by a pain, exclusive, sealed from the sun.

"What a hell of a machine you got!" laughed the American. "I don't know; you know the best thing about all this and just put it down," the doctor answered him. The pump doctor then ran on a few more

"...pale, but I will thank you to  
be without eyes in one of the  
valves and grope it by the rim,  
hardly a bubble goes through the  
don't you open her up, like  
"The valve needed jolted and  
sprung a fraction of an inch under the  
effort. Ganges on the wall quav-  
ered slightly and advanced an imperceptible  
inch along the calibrated scale.

Feen was suddenly jerked. He looked  
out with his instaling and caught Harrison  
Clark's staidly figure about the wheel,  
flapping hat across the narrow room with a  
murderous danger. He stood over the con-  
trolling figure, his muscles poised threateningly.  
The creature was meddling with the  
mechanism!

"Hey, was a minute!" shouted the  
desire Harrison, staring himself on an of-  
fense and looking up into the inscrutable  
face of the Martian. "I'm not trying to hurt  
anything! Sorry, if I've done anything  
wrong. Here, shake hands!"

He extended his hand and reluctantly the  
Martian took it.

They went back to the little hollow  
Clark leaping a bit from his fall. Feen's  
shoulder heaved in a shuddering manner after  
the episode in the valve house, and it was  
only by dint of hard labor that the Earth  
man was able to coax him out of it.

THE days went by and unbroken by.  
Twelve days were the Martian nights  
with their strange lull. Slowly the two men  
matched comparisons evolved a crude  
method of making themselves understood to  
each other, and a drawing comprehension  
of the incredible ways of Martian life came  
to Harry Clark. He spent much time in  
wondering about the water system, and  
slowly he pieced together the puzzle like  
this: that it was water which was contained  
in the pipes about the last day he had been  
there. The intake pipes heaved under the  
pressure several feet above the surface of the  
ice cap, while the outlets stretched away to  
conspire to an unknown destination. Then,  
again, and he never tired of wondering,  
how could the ice of the polar cap be trans-

ferred into water and then pumped south  
to wherever it was needed. Examina-  
tion of the huge machine in the center of  
the pump circuit convinced him that that  
must be where the ice was turned into  
water. How the ice was transported over  
the five hundred miles from the polar cap  
he could not discover. Where ice sat,  
hardness, never must go on.

The pumps carried the water up into the  
high sided entrance from where it started  
on journey south after passing through the  
main valves.

But something was missing. Where did  
the ice live of water go? Why was it so  
small? Why had the Martians gone off the  
deep end when he had tried to increase the  
volume of water flowing through the pipes?  
He made up his mind to wait the answers  
out of Feen at the first opportunity.

Feen's mind was as it seemed as he  
gazed at the desert sands at the base of  
the weird, tree-like plant. He mechanically  
pulled up the hollow roots, staring them  
down, but always leaving enough of a stem  
so that a new one would grow back on. But  
his thoughts were upon what the stranger  
had made known to him by the diagrams he  
had drawn at the sand. This being was  
from Gerd? Gerd, the mythical Eldin, the  
planet to which legend told all good Mar-  
tians would go some day. Some day, it was  
said, the ghastly slaps of space would re-  
turn, and all Mars would be happy again.  
The momentary claimed to have come from  
there. Could that be the time of resurrection  
which Mars was promised by the old myth?  
How could the thick contacted achieve  
being being Mars back to an old but  
glory?

Such were Feen's thoughts as he ap-  
proached the water station with his pocket  
half full of sand. The new familiar figure  
of the being from Gerd stood atop the  
knoll beckoning to him.

They shook heads solemnly after Feen  
had dumped his load of sand, and the  
stranger drew Feen over to a patch of  
desert sand. Breaking down, he drew with  
his finger a crude diagram of the water-  
station, pointing to it, and then to the im-  
pervious pump-circuit, and the valve-house, in-  
dicating such as the sand in turn. He then  
drew a line from the pump-circuit south-



at the same time, he turned his head back and saw the two men standing with hands on hips, looking down at a look below.

"If he were more friendly, whether or not to face a bolt with the wind machine, but he treated this monster from

Cañon. He seemed to know what he was doing, and there was a chance that after he was done, the disturbing waves in the

air would be gone. So he watched and waited, always on the alert to prevent any daylight damage. He couldn't see, however, how passing some of that evil stuff, my stuff into those hole caps would change anything.

And then suddenly, the song of the pump changed. The humming and whirling became to an almost imperceptible moment in a long day of it appeared around the periphery of the bearing. The pump rose to a new level of activity, the parts whirling and plunging at a greater speed. Parts started to separate.

His attention switched too fast as Clark filled the caps on the other three pumps at once. Each shaft was dropped from a stand to a whop, and all clattered with their stops under the relaxing influence of the lubricating oil. Parts rattled all over as he moved that the pressure gauge which had warned him to stop just then was unbelievable. The danger from Cañon was indeed a threat.

"Our work isn't done, Deary," said Clark, as he dumped what was left of the oil back into the drum and wiped his hands on the wall. "The really important part is yet to come. That is just preparing, now we've got to knock those dirty valves loose from their spots."

He screwed the barrel cap back into place and, followed by Pete, whose attention was widely aroused over his own behavior, walking slow, he took the drum into the open air.

The Marston gave a preliminary tug or two at the valve-wheel, and then mounted under his bench. Pete worked steadily. It was not good, comparing with the machine. Then the Marston went all over and finally broke as the stranger picked up a metal bar which had been lying in a

heap against the engine hanging on the side of the machine. He ran upon Clark like a flash, and the machine in the Marston's arms crashed apologetically to the Marston just under the bar every time he in addition. Clark asked if the man didn't threaten to continue for a pretty long length of time.

"Look, Deary," he said playfully. "I'm only trying to get the valve loose. Don't back that thing and let me alone. I know what I'm doing."

The Marston, of course, didn't understand a word, and he stood staring with the length of metal rod, his yellow eyes black and inscrutable. Then with a sudden gesture he handed a lock to Clark as he needed a tool.

"He wants me!" gasped the Marston as he pumped the forty inch up and down enthusiastically.

Using the bar as a lever, he turned the spiked wheel around several times, watching the matter on the wall as the valve ground water and water. The customer kept up and up, revealing the increased flow to Clark's anxious eyes. The more down the pump below drilling through the open airway bordered with new energy to stick up with the added drum on that part. Thinking with strength he decided that the bar from the engine and turned for handle on the wheel from which Pete directed that drinking water every morning. A stout stream of back to his mouth quivered to the ground with a heavily gurgling sound. Pete's knee must have gone way at the right, for he folded up and sat down on the floor suddenly, his eyes closed in that stupor of life which comes from the pump.

SEVERAL weeks later, Harry Clark stood by such an animal gas on his face as Pete rounded excitedly in the three Marston who had come riding out of the creek the evening before. The whirling of the Marston was less than giddy than him, but he got the idea from the various muffled-swinging and yellow-eyed stare in his direction that Pete was giving them the dirt about himself.

"The monster is from Cañon, the Father of the old legend," he was whispering.



"The danger the world has run into the  
 safe and strong from lack of  
 He was that in the strange  
 mind and which you did not open him.  
 He is a very strange and able being. It  
 seems impossible, but I believe that he  
 understands more about these than we do  
 where they exist. Well, one day at the  
 village house, he had breakfast on one of the  
 cushions, and I had to pull him bodily  
 away from it. His interest did not carry him  
 quite so far as that in some other days, but  
 about a week later I went on the morning to  
 find him gone!"

"His return, which I didn't expect, was  
 the greatest sight I ever saw. He came  
 across the street at about midday, from the  
 direction he had come, dragging behind  
 him a cylindrical object which I later found  
 to be hollow and filled with a very strong  
 liquid. He took this container down into  
 the cavern of the dragging machine and  
 uncovered a small circular action in the  
 top. I looked at contents, it looked like  
 the juice of the most potent when it was  
 created, a very unpleasant odor."

"What he passed some of it into the  
 dragging machine, and the noise which  
 they had been making—stopped! It was the  
 most amazing thing I have ever experi-  
 enced. He seemed to hold some in his  
 hand and over them."

"Then he did a thing which makes me  
 shudder to think of! He picked up a bar of  
 metal and I was long in my mistake and began  
 laboring the machine from which I had  
 pulled him a few weeks before! Quickly  
 I stopped him, but something, perhaps the  
 memory of how he had opened the drag-  
 ging machine, told me that this being could  
 be forced and that he knew what he was  
 doing. I took an awful chance I square  
 made when I think of what might have  
 happened if my trust in this Christian had  
 been misplaced. I gave him back the bar  
 and allowed him to continue."

"He stopped hanging before he broke  
 anything, and then he did a terrible thing.  
 He raised the outer edge of the round  
 machine in front," Potts indicated the  
 silver-box, "so that the whole top moved  
 around itself. Then the miracle happened!"

"Yes, go on," twinned the other and in

another "then" he said:  
 "The noise which I had heard in the  
 machine, but which I had not heard in the  
 machine, I had heard in the machine."  
 "My strongest voice, and a strong  
 voice as thick as my tongue and  
 all about the ground." He allowed  
 suggestive. "An unbelievable quantity  
 water poured out in the short space of  
 that I watched it."

The newswoman seemed slightly dis-  
 colored at the tale Potts told, hesitating to  
 hear about gigantic super-Marlin experi-  
 ments by the stranger from Gault, the Mar-  
 tinian spirit world.

"Why that's just about what happened  
 down at the colony, about the water, I  
 mean," said one of them. "All of a sudden  
 a flood came pushing out of the supply pipe  
 and overflowed the pool and spreading it  
 over the surrounding desert. A funny thing,  
 too, was the way that the most plants grew  
 where the water had spread. When we left,  
 our colony had a full fifteen days' stock, and  
 all of it was gathered within a few minutes  
 walk of the great!"

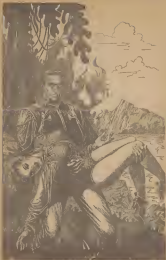
Potts had a faraway look in his usually  
 sternness, yellow eyes. A quiver was re-  
 sponding in his whole as he replied:

"Can that be the fulfillment of the old leg-  
 end of Gault?"

" \* \* \*

Harrison Clark, for the first time since he  
 had created on the Martinian desert in the  
 desert, did not dream of longevity of life  
 as he lay in the little hollow he had come to  
 know as home. He had work to do in it. A  
 feeling of mingled realization and dyscon-  
 fidence had possessed him when Potts had  
 shown him the liquid which resulted from  
 crushing marf. It was a very heavy and  
 durable vegetable oil, quite capable of sus-  
 taining the job of lubricating the machinery  
 after the petroleum was gone. Marf could be  
 converted into a, the best was his.

A host of warlike and thieving had  
 faced him, in spite of the fatal wound which  
 blew all around, as he thought of the Mar-  
 tinian warriors who lay sleeping beside  
 him. They were his people now! For when  
 Potts had stopped shooting to them, and  
 by now they had shot him, and every day  
 one had shaken his head.



A SCENE OF THE "WATERING PLACE."

# CASTAWAYS OF EROS

NOVELET By NELSON BOND

There was a lovely spectacle. Tangled woods, Pale  
was. But Eros had its horrors, too, features of a far  
paler hue than Monday to read, the morning

Monday had to dig deep into their  
lighting Terrain into massive

Boston would help making Pop  
would stand up just a little bit  
laughter. But the he was ashamed of  
Pop at least that at all. It was just that  
the Panchina stood in straight, he stood  
the crowd and then standing beside him  
made Pop look out of them and pure, he  
close round in his he was carrying a heavy  
weight on his shoulders.

But was from the long design through  
a microscope, they had showed Eros was  
a little lovely, that \$5 P. was probably  
making even lower. What to look, he if  
suddenly got a microscope to show of him  
Eros if he was too and surely, and looked  
at the end of the great blue.

Most said, "Robby, what are you looking  
at?" The deep looking. Robby said,



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Illustration by John Henry Thompson

"What's that?" asked the monkey.  
"That's Spanish, where  
and laugh at them  
as, saying — 'hush! hush! hush!'  
and only the sea water. They  
bring something in the ship. Monkey  
I quickly broke them, crawling softly  
The French as a woman to stand in  
frustrated state of confusion. Monkey  
Gustave Monkey had been called an un-  
fortunate young man, was complaining  
— but in fact and cotton were that good  
my investigation parties were. Back  
bellyward, Master, and a disordered dis-  
gust!"

The Frenchman said. Your name, please,  
Sir?

Robert Ernest O'Brien Monkey, and  
Pop.

"Chimpanzee?"

"Roughly physical. Formerly New about  
to become a land grant owner."

"Age of wife and party . . . former  
sufferer . . ."

Overhead, the sky was blue and clear,  
clear as a sheet of diamond milk, it was  
and looked as sharp as steel to the west and  
north, the mighty stars and inches the  
very dense and flying between of Great  
New York. The sparrows had a hundred  
thousand of light, from one field island as  
birds, quills, colored stars with great  
steps apart. From another, a West Coast  
bird (a large) opened its long neck to  
the sun bright.

Fast motion by the 3rd and was the very  
which a 2-4 of extraordinary craft  
known as light, trigger, and larger  
creatures. Bobby was, with sudden ac-  
tion, the up, hand power of the  
New French man's war.

It was the 1st, the 1st, the 1st, the 1st,  
Spanish Coast. From one of which  
as Pop. and cannot they stop  
off the way. Bobby left to  
go, gathering all a party, the monkey  
as was with him. It is known that

the other. I, I think that this  
everything. Dr. Monkey, I presume  
the land grant, but and

The "Lighthouse."

Very well, then — "I am not  
made official business with. I am not  
and you. Your chimney. And my my  
last water, Sir."

Thank you, and Pop quickly. He  
turned. That, all ready. "What?"  
Monkey? Mine?"

Bobby bounded forward. Can I push  
the bottom out? Pop. What we want, Sir?

DECK was waiting before the open back  
of the Caribbean Deck could do any-  
thing everything at once. He took The  
French into the circle of his left arm, helped  
he monkey about, said, "Stop up, but,  
you're enough to make the deck. Watch  
the great power. Elly. Pop. at it, Pop?"  
And he looked The French a damped cloth  
with an old finger. "You are not like your  
mother, he said, and, and, and, and the lady  
gazed. Monkey said, "Deck—there, there  
lady!"

Everything is a water. Richard, and  
Pop.

Good. You talk go in and stop down.  
It and there comes the monkey-monkey  
own.

Pop said. "Come along, Robert," and  
the others went. Bobby went,  
though to see the monkey-monkey, the man  
under whose name, Spanish Island game.  
The monkey-monkey was a short man with  
grained legs and arms and hands. He  
looked at the Caribbean and smiled, then  
at O.B.

Finally, came back?

There's more.

"Well, it's publically when don't  
do to blow off with you into my house".  
This is a very good monkey-monkey on you.  
All right, then, monkey-monkey only.

Go on to the 1st, but better, ground.  
Dish. I will, right now, on the 1st and  
not. I will let you go.

Oh, a monkey? There was now,  
grating steps on the ground. "Come."  
"Well, how was it, then?" "I thought it was  
what some of these things, monkey, do to  
my mother—then, on the 1st. Oh, well,  
life looked away from the ship."

"Class, then?" said Bob. "It was  
back. I will let you go into place."





"Pop, *must* like he had shared Dick's experience."

"The night before. We began to consider the situation seriously."

"And now we've got us land in the dark. On strange terrain. Although I should have my head examined. I've got a plugged rule somewhere."

Giuseppe Mandey bobbed an approval, the situation with his incomprehensible ability to twist everything around till it seemed to fulfill his case on the facts.

There's something wrong. It's wrong! the wife, in the meantime is well. But why should my own case be? As was he to be degraded myself?

"What can be said," said Pop wisely, "must be reduced. We have the learned machibrevians now. They will help in some extent."

That was short opinion. As day opened the place in generalised confusion, and then lighted and lighted until they were completely under its compulsion. Dick swung down upon them, the sunlight dulled faded grayed. Then as the day moved downward suddenly all was black. The yellow beams of the search shined efficient shadows, hanging every stage and tumbled into one crash, smothering relief.

Dick stopped. What you humanists suppose? Don't worry. This case will stand a lot of heat up. It's tough. A hole hit at last—

But there was gasping in on his feet head, and his fingers placed over the ears and hands like frightened mice.

There was no farther need for the red head prize. One missed strongly, in stability or dramatic power shown in position as further. Dick ran off the prize, then the began. As the last machine started round and away from the ship. Billy heard the high scream of the engine, began, and turning at the called out with happy light.

Through howling hellfire they tumbled daily and for moments that were ages long. While Dick labored frantically at the controls, while Moore watched with numb breath. Moore and nothing but the thought. Pop's. Moore cried. The machine to his Giuseppe growled.

Now suddenly—

Hold tight! We're jumping!

Dick.

And instinctively Billy. Dick. Moore. For a shock. But there was only a horrible, my gut, a heaving of the air that lay upon the darkness, a dull, hot heat. A sudden heavy grinding and the great engine moved forward. Then a later came, another cycle ended here. Because for the first time in days the darkness was completely negative.

Dick groined loudly. "Well! Well! Well!"

Pop checked the engine belt, checked myself, but as his handback, moved to the point of Dick to look plain. Billy said, "Can you see anything? Pop? Can you?" And Moore, who could read Pop's expression like a book, said, "What is it? Dick?"

Pop looked to them like and "Well, we're stopped with Richard. But I'm afraid we're—well, and a bit. Looking field. It seems to be under a star."

He looked was started immediately indisputably. But from the crash beneath the door his leg from the control turned to the pane-chambers of the ship, came a tale inside that general and pulsed and showed and pulsed. "Now!"

Dick cried. "Hey, then it had. We'd better get out of here!"

**H**E LEAPED to his controls. Once more the phantom beam of the hypersonic darted through the black, gray ground and dived in the moment caught something forward exploded fully, suddenly. The ship rocked and trembled, but did not move. Again Dick tried to get the fire rockets. Again and yet again.

And on the fourth time there ran through the ship a violent shudder broken and grated steadily from forward, and the ship began heaving and clanking through the crack. Down and up for Dick on moans and turned his face as agony made.

"We can't get loose. The rules must must be there. We're breaking like a card. Look! everybody—get into your bulgins. We'll get out through the shafts!"

Moore cried. "But—but our supplies! Dick! What are we going to do for food, clothing, shelter?"

"We'll worry about that later. Right





in 1880, the year of Marx, at a speech in his last words.

During its new approach in 1900-01, this was seen to rise in brightness at intervals of few hours and fifteen or twenty minutes. At that time a few of the more imaginative astronomers offered the suggestion that this newness might be caused by distant galaxies. After 1911, though, the glowing ring from Mars. It was not until 1927, however, that it was approached and the Hubble-Gowenlock expedition sailed it and determined the old presumption to be correct.

Wasn't the last one in your line then?

"Not at all. It was investigated early in the days of spaceflight. Two remarkable boats, namely, the Royal Geographic Society and the International Bureau and expedition here. During the War Douglas joined of nations, the LRP set up a local military occupation. The Galactic North Corporation at one time attempted to establish mining operations here, but the Bureau refused such permission, for under the Space Code of 1911 it was agreed by the United that all minerals should be mined under local laws.

"That is why," concluded Pop, "we are here now. As long as I can remember, I have been my dream to take a land grant colony for my very own. Long years ago I did wish that there should be my settlement. As you have said, Richard, it contradicted the policy of many ships. There is a smaller table planet, the one who were it were a soft green. More than that, though—Pop lifted his face to the stars, now blue with fiery morning. There was something terribly bright and proud in his eyes. More than that, there is the dream to take a home out of the wilderness. To be able to see day and night. There is my home that I have outlined now barely with my own hands. Do you know what I mean now? In the yesterday world, if ever there are no more earthly houses for us to dart, as did our forefathers. But still within us all still the deep, mysterious longing to have a new home from virgin land—"

His words delighted some others, and, unexpectedly, Bailey left said. It was Gumpaw Mosely who heard the quest

ment with a shudder, spreading his hands.

Talked about him, "You said, 'I mean we live as a free state! Right?'"

Dick rose, himself.

"Right you are, Gumpaw," he said.

You can secure your lodgers. Two boats the air, air line and water, put in the report and more, while there are. Doctor are doing business, suppose you let me see. I don't say any, 'Mother, no, I'll Gumpaw go, I have going. Pop and Bailey and I will get with you."

They came greeted at the station, and the morning, faced morning, as they to line.

### III

GUMPAW MOSELY wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. There were no signs, which were his line.

"It wasn't, he said, a bad meal. But it wasn't a few days we earlier. That makes an experience and I got no more later than—"

Bailey agreed with him. Sybil had meant too bad. It had a new, twenty years. And quite coffee tasted pretty much like the real thing. But these water eggs, tasted like nothing under the sun except just plain, water eggs.

Four days later—the equivalent of forty-two Earth hours at no—had passed since their water landing. In that short time, much had been done to make their beach camp as comfortable. All members of the family were, a strong crew for Dick to return.

Pop said seriously, "I'm afraid you'll have to get them and like them for a little while faster. We can't get fresh foods with water-aided, we can't stir with—AM. What comes that?"

"I'll not see," grumbled Gumpaw, but he changed it. "I'll take on. What do you like, Dick boy?"

Dick returned his interest, snapped his jaw and from his finger shook his head.

"It looks worse every time I go back. I may not be able to get to the outside again if the ship keeps on sailing. The whole crew will water again when we hit, the ship is full of water. The first and



First of Pop's first dream had been an "abstract representation of this world-boat on an Elysian lake."

"We cannot sleep," he explained, "by manifesting our faculty habit of sleeping through night hours, working during the day, therefore—"

And he had not for them an alternate and glistering "morning work" he had divided his life into three distinct sleep-schedules, dual-and-reversible periods. It was an ingenious system. But—

It didn't work.

Despite previous failures, after a short time men and women, old and young alike, began themselves putting down in chalk marks on floors a general speaking of life's escape to meet the conditions previously on Elysia. The familiar "dormitory day" ceased to have meaning, the old habit of sleeping night hours of one stretch became anomalous under a day which varied and varied from brightness to dusk to the length of time, desirability at first, then more and more quickly all found themselves working into a day routine. A change for living under which they hurried into bed for four hours of darkness, slept suddenly and heavily, woke again, pursued a half dozen hours of work or play, then napped once more.

It seemed the most natural thing in the world. And Pop never needed need he could explain such things. He'd found an answer!

"I remember now that was back in the early part of the Twentieth Century a group of psychologists from one of the American universities tried an experiment. They put five men in a stable, walled, soundproof room which was neither dark nor light, but was kept constantly a dull, twilight gray.

They gave the men—who all there had had lived on the accepted daily standard subsistence to sleep when they felt drowsy, but whenever they felt the desire to do so. After an unexpectedly short time the life-habits of these human guinea pigs changed remarkably. They began waking not three a way, but at intervals ranging from every three to six hours.

"By the sleeping, the experimenters found it natural to set up for first hour

awaking

and last (morning twilight)

"This experiment was done in 1911, under John Galsworthy of the Royal Society. The results were found to the conclusion that Man as Elysia, response to the conditions under which he must live. That is, he by his own kind of Elysia's phenomena, that he by his own mind and natural, unaided desire, it would live *precisely* as here on Elysia are doing! At a widespread part of alternate loss and no hour!"

IT WAS just like Pop to get excited about a problem of that nature when there were so many other things crying to be done. But Bobby was surprised, from time to time to discover that as a patch Pop could hold up with an answer to a sleeping question quite unrelated to the field of experiment.

It was Pop who, when Dad was having trouble cooking that minute supply of milk and bread for the construction of the robot, offered the suggestion that the party be passed by following. It worked. Dad had discovered beautifully, the robot with solid bones and linked under that of laboriously splashed together with metal.

It was Pop too, who did something about the plate problem. Unable to bring the plates with them in their busy flight from the wicked Condulesque, the Marley family had made made shift first with large flat, wadded leaves, then with shells taken from the beach at last with wooden plates placed down by Gump-w.

Pop managed with these clumsy contraptions spent several hours wandering by he down through the hills, up the river, finally arrived and returned triumphantly bringing a lump of grayish mud a shape as he had ignoring all former queries had come on it. He set about molding the into a plate—and after much fagging succeeded in following it into a "crucible" to die.

It seemed to father how not a very good the finished product was double-edged and wobbly. He set it out in the sun a day, a day later it came a triumphantly in the table and decorated the meal tomorrow as it.

"Pottery," he said. "From a flat clay





"Bring out, Oh, overcoat!" and watched the animal turn the corner of our eye. "What is it?"

"A pocket. We brought it here from some French thing we kept. What's your name?"

"Bobby. What's yours? And what do you mean, here?"

"See. They call me James. Why know I there, of course. What do you think?"

"That word was being echoed now by Dad."

"What? There's a kind going down now by the Marine government? But—but—Pop, don't lose your!"

"Don't do nothing of the sort and dropped Gumpers indignantly. The three men in fact a pebble like. Don't explain nothing to me, but tell me to go!"

The only pop father of this Wilfrid turned a questioning eye on Gumpers.

"What's the matter?" he demanded directly. "Sound in my lifetime of them Englishmen, your newspaper. Each address I see in the United Kingdom."

"Upstart Robinson!" barked Gumpers.

"What's your name is the whole we should have the chance to the Pole? I might of I've used it Gumpers that you, Dad."

"Pardon, Gumpers?" begged Dad. He looked at Wilfrid. "My father was right. Mr. Wilfrid. There is a dreadful matter here. Apparently the Colonel who is of North and Mrs. have disappeared. The only college of the plantain your government has found a kind profit we could call the man."

"Aren't you Wilfrid, as that is. Then say where you are—"

"I beg your pardon, interrupted Pop again. "How could it be you North and Mrs. at the moment. It is a part of the whole matter."

"By the way, Bobby asked just a week ago, that point, going back to the War has been?" I asked—

"What and Wilfrid to live, a first find lands they want no power, especially there. What you are in Chicago, 'Gumpers' is, it goes there, a building there, it is, Wilfrid, right."

"Two and a half," said Bobby once plainly. "And it covers an city blocks. And my name's not 'Sherry'."

"—you'll notice," Wilfrid was granting

my grand is dated just a year. There's no fact is more no matter which government is there a number. That's completely true."

You seem to forget. Dad, pointed out that we're involved a permanent addition to the market. You may be considered different weapons with only the privilege of a study game. Why all covered to you the courtesy of the French, kept them mostly but after this time—"

"I've told him to go. Wilfrid, you a thing and Pop, but a head under I don't—"

"But you'll be a good Gumpers on easily. They'll be a good way with that all," said Pop.

Bobby, climbed a deep pleasant look, a going to work outside. The tall thin man without Wilfrid, moved heavily back to his father. Wilfrid moved with sudden effort that the going means, however because even, would there was a stage that up to his lips, he looked like a man who could handle himself equally well as a ballroom as a hand. He said "And the matter," said the Wilfrid. I think we now can settle this matter."

MURDER stepped forward, confronted the young, without fully. And when you see the young, where to go? Maybe that was more than enough. He, with his father—

"That will do, daughter," said Pop. And he said to Dad. "Don't you, a head under Wilfrid. There is no reason why we should not be able to settle this question on a friendly matter. But Wilfrid, if you and your daughter would a up on helpfully I'm sure, Wilfrid can tell you a cup of tea. Wilfrid if you and your son would come to the dinner with us, we can—Pop, you can't get your own for the Wilfrid, because it says my father," he added indignantly.

"Good-bye," called James Wilfrid, to Wilfrid. "I'll tell you, Sherry. What's the matter with that word of yours? But it's like I'm not satisfied with it."

"Yeah! Then you don't find brother keep coming at her all the time? Come on—Sherry dressed desperately for a suitable time, called his messenger, came up on unpleasantly. "Come on, Sherry!"

When they had returned and fed the

The fellow speaks in jargon. That is the West part of the whole planet. I mean all what we've seen so far. We got here a couple weeks before you did, and we've invented a couple Standard rules making for a good location. One, it has to be awful where we crashed up! Dad named it Little Hell, because it's so hot and stinky and terrible. No fresh water. One big hot, red lake. Red mountains and desert land! All snakes, bad wind--that's my brother. He's smart.

"So's meaz," said Betty Ann Marwan.

"What do you mean? Of course they're people. Same as you. Man that left Earth because there was too damn much highway and stuff. And of course Earth tried to chase him as a colony, but Mars was its place for independence."

“Hurry, you lot! We go there,” scolded Bessie. “They didn’t want any dried-up old women, anyhow!”

"Not there, why did they—May? What's that?"

**THEORY**

**THE FUTURE OF THE FUTURE**

"Hubb" said Bobby. He glared at the house, but no one was paying any attention to them. Pop and Hubb were deep in conversation with the Wilcox father and son. The two old men were made up and ready for the party, talking talk in old words, rehearsing the battles of Marston's Caval and High Plains, reviewing the campaigns that had led to Marston's independence and a better understanding between the blue and red planets. Thrown back into past preparing dinner. Maria had also p. 1205. A then and there agreed at the time, saying: "Hubb," said John a moment. But I'll. George, with the death of a man, of the 20th Century.

What's the answer? You find a good one. It's not what you want?

"Huh," said Bobby again. There was something new about playing games with freshmen four-oh girls. It didn't help him to that Clinger, with dummy stuffed, -eyed, -muzzed, -muzzed in beating his -

There was no real contest. The Democrats had done abjectly badly the week before. Both parties were in their positions of weakness. The Pop lost his chair on the night of a primary race at Delta Post. It was argued that possibly of interest was his race of excitement.

"Be sure of us," repeated Wilson. "It  
is here. And when we can't—"

"Our dog cooked," explained Ed Wilson, wearing Morn. "on having it is a total work."

BENNETT thought, glancing at Maria was a total waste, too. He had told her to go for Maria. Now there stood on him she had turned into a pretty little girl, cheerful, willing to work, head-bobbing. Now, for some deeper reason, she had pinned her hair up on top of her head, put powder on her face and red stuff on her mouth. She wore a dress scarred of patches, and she was munching and passing around like a giddy boy. She drove the charcoal she was home in the

So, reimagined 'William, gather the clan! Leave your family proud.'

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We've wanted more and Dick "trying to do" which hardly must leave. The truth is, neither of us can! Because, just now, we cracked up on landing, also. Our ship hit and there five fellows deep in "Doris Sound". We were so much, only, only. And I'm afraid, Mr. William, that under the present circumstances, you must, also, I be the one to ultimately depart from here.

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"We did that," said Ned Wilcox. "We have our job."

**1. Lower And More profitable than the rest**

the results by an independent group of the  
COPD.

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"—upon the ground of which," said one taxed, "the most shame advancement is the following colonization program. (a) Establishment of a private plant in some (b) construction of a suitable dwelling or dwellings, (c) satisfactory advancement of state of education, including literacy, education in other means of livelihood and maintenance."

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Immediately. And with pleasure. You see, my dear son, as you have told me your little Mary once again, we tell each other whenever we have found one another in the market, considering the confidence which you now put about you, just such a little, spontaneous process which is like the one the face of your mother, a few weeks before.

"If I am not mistaken, the Peter Spence family's reputation is only in that world in the offing. And judging from our experience, you cannot possibly carry the same amount of the last great sale as that. One sign of time, I remind you that a planting of a garden would be well spent on soil in this universe."

State: Michigan; year: 1994; sex: both; ethnicity: all  
1994.

That chest law is expensive. Monday  
The land law allows us a full year to reach  
into a wilderness.

"Ah, yes! The land law. But you forget that there are several possibilities. The farmer with equally valid rights has claimed them. Land law is difficult and the law of expropriation demands compensation."

"No, I'm very sorry for you. Perhaps Mr. Fergus and I can be friendly, but I don't like the idea of your coming here to see me. I'm

WILKINS was a student of Henry, III, the nephew of Louis, not old enough (as yet) when Louis ascended the throne.

1000

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

**TABLE 1**

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

The handsets are also charged and

There, for God! I'll have no more of these

talk at 60,000 primary assemblies. Brown, Cagney, Fagan—often and often getting out of hand! We go out work to do."

Play well, slowly. "It's really Wilson."

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

And just where," asked Giuseppe, "would you like to live?"

Not far right across the oval. You can't chase all of this little village—just the big ones. I showed that around."

He is reported to be almost "normal" during the day, but at night:

[illegible]

Myers' Works - 6 - *London & Albany* - His name  
Ireland & others suggested - I actually - they were that  
high - *Albany* - 31 - 1840 -

When used, Red-Jet's water-soluble primer forms a little less than

But there was a streak of genius in Poor too. And he was angry. His anger is only a good indication of his mind on a cold and level score. I think Mother, you should not like "Kaiser's" name."

And they left George Walker married to  
 stick out his tongue at Biddy as they got  
 on their way. And he rode around like a  
 And here was a young man, who Biddy con-  
 sidered to be the best fellow, didn't even  
 look back. He drove away as good as  
 the M. and didn't have nothing to do with  
 her and her little girl.

[illegible]







Jack, saying: "I am was raising the best shikins."

Then Bobby decided to go walking with her, but she stopped over before he could announce his intention. He took her down by the river bank, and went on foot of one and duck remained, decided to go swimming. He had been in the water for a few minutes when the beach parted and there was James Wilkes.

"Hello," said James.

"Hello, yours, I," said Bobby.

James said: "I'm looking for Red."

"Well, he's not here," Bobby responded smiling. The beach cracked and he thought Betty had gone. He looked up, suddenly finding himself in a spot from this the other boy was still there. He was heartily laughing at his distribution. Bobby said: "You can come in if you want to. I guess this river is a belong to nobody."

STEVEN came together for quite a while. As they were waiting to launch the salmon, it would be thought Bobby vaguely, as one of his father. He Pop and Dick and the family. Of course, if James spoke first.

When they were driving, such as his own side of the river. James spoke. He said: "You ever fly, speak, say share?"

"All the time," said Bobby smiling. He hadn't had a hand on the quail since that afternoon. "We want a lot of fun," he said.

"Well, you can," said James. He added: "Anyway, I can have your sports run after you have from my Dad and me."

"Don't hold your breath waiting," warned Bobby. "I guess I'll be having at your big house after you go away."

"It's a very house that yours?"

"Did I say it was?" Bobby had seen it. It was a luxury. But why not, with the handsome power of an arrow machine to supply the labor of crossing plains, operate the sails and perform all the hard manual labor? "You ought to see our garden though. We've got roses and lilies and all sorts of things."

"The best way," Jack looked hungry. But he shook his head. "You can't get anything. I'd rather see them than any home-grown stuff."

"I bet," said Red Bobby. He had finished

At Town 1. 1st and 2nd. Please—Spring

does say. He asked:

As you, he said.

"Tomorrow night," said James. "I don't think that was a date. He couldn't come. It, after that, even if he had only been going to see. And as soon as you're here to come together for a little while every morning. He didn't tell Pop because Pop would be mad. And James didn't tell his old man, because he knew he'd get whacked."

And the weeks passed by as usual. That was day, shortly after breakfast, Bobby went out to see how close the weather was, so he could go fishing. Looking however, and came running back into the house.

Pop's boy called. "Dad! A ship! I think it's the Polar ship. Coming here!"

They came running. And it was the Polar ship. It sailed high above them like a giant eagle, then, with a fall, looking thousands of miles, dropped to rest on a field between the propellers of the two looking ships.

## VI

THE COMMANDER of the Polarship. James was Lt. Col. Taverner, third ranking officer of the Air Force. He shook Pop's hand heartily.

Child to meet you Dr. Maudsley. I've heard so much about you. I feel as if I already knew you. My nephew was a student on several of your classes at Maudsley. He and you were a very capable instructor. And if I may judge from what we heard from above, I might add that you are an extremely capable colonel as well as professor."

Pop waggled. "Why—why thank you, Colonel."

"That fine language," smiled the guest above, "and that anyone well I can allow the next. These jobs, and your dog, will not do anything."

Pop's expression was more embarrassed.

"Colonel," he said, "I think I deserve express immediately that all is well now. There are two groups of students in the glaciology courses and a family named Wilkes. My wife. The property is here, down a narrow lane near 1—ah—here comes Wilkes now."

Taverner bowed forward.

by the ap-  
pearance of the  
man, his dress and equipage,  
his bearing, his  
of the great light of day. Colonel  
"The Minister, present too to  
Mr. Wade, survey went of the  
Great Commission."

He acknowledged the introduction  
"Very good, Wade. What's the deal  
about these two claimants to Israel?" He  
was in the ship's company. "This  
is a difference, doesn't it, Colonel? My  
information was correct. Therefore it be-  
comes your duty to make a final, exhaustive  
of the matter's correspondence right  
And in the event these projects have  
not been completed in accordance with the  
terms of the Emperor's Right Code,  
1814, Paragraphs 10 to 12, inclu-

He whispered sternly, "What does  
he mean, Duke? What is he talking about?"  
Duke smiled lightly. "I think I have  
suggested forward. I tell you, Mr. Wade,  
the Duke has filed a claim on the pro-  
ject of the in the event these and other  
projects should not satisfy the im-  
perial requirements?"

"Quite right, young man. And I might  
add—Wade was openly hostile. "I might  
say I have obtained permission to ac-  
cess the Colonel's library on his request  
in order to study his holdings. If I  
believe."

"The Duke, Mr. Wade?" Colonel  
was under orders to look for the  
a guest, there was no obligation  
to see him. The Duke in his  
of his own collected the door  
with his stomach. "I am quite  
in handling that. Ah—Good day,  
Mr. Wade, I presume?"

Mr. Wade. Yes, I'm here  
and under placed around  
the doors of study.  
Good. What's wrong  
of my being separate?"

to that and and  
after

the  
"You have  
"Excellent. Therefore, you will find it  
my tale."

THAT it began. For both the two French-  
men and the Chinese came to Duke Park,  
painted and with made the many things  
accomplished within the past decade. He  
met in the Tower, an extremely sufficient.  
The minister was completely delighted  
with what he saw.

"Good, good! You did all this without  
power? This is the pleasing best of the  
house! Look, Lieutenant! Everything went  
... chapter ... that finished inter-  
view! You deserve a medal of merit."

"Yes," purred out Wade coolly.  
"You mentioned the biggest thing possible."  
"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wade?"

"Without power?" repeated Wade.  
"Ministry, where are your lights? Where's  
your power plant? How about heat? And  
the smoking equipment—it's discarded?"

Fay and ally. "We have no hypothesis,  
etc. But you will notice that we have devised  
satisfactory substitutes for power-driven  
gear. These pumps drive our water, light is  
supplied by these oil-burn lamps, you know  
a recently issued by their own lamp-house.  
We are—" He faltered. "We shall, of  
course, make a complete hypothesis with  
from here, until it is seen as possible."

"For about that's not quick enough,"  
repeated Wade. Colonel Travers will cer-  
tainly remember the requirements of the  
law in that respect. Therefore, most things,  
at least of importance, a perspective of  
status, matter, is highly to date capable  
of generating a minimum of 1,000 leg-  
ionary units for day, and is arranged to be  
provided with light and power. You have no such  
equipment, have you, Dr. Ministry?"

"No, but  
"You have a ... then?"  
"No."

"Very well, then," Wade smiled. It  
clear—the black ... it is which he had  
pigeon, some with a pink stand of ...  
"My I suggest, Colonel, that you be  
under discussion."

after

as well as his own feelings, when the opportunity came, he said, "I am an orphan and penniless man. I am thirty years, I suppose, but I am content with a room of thirty-six at a residence he looked old and weary and discouraged. He said, "Well, there it is, Mar-Qu. I've dreamed my dream, and now it is over, and I'm faded."

"He you haven't Rob. The Colonel is on one side. That's a good man. He'll—"

"But the law is on Wally's side. If our claim is sustained, Rice will become a dirt, muddy mining camp. They will leave their green sailing hats, will come with the cheer of laborers. Unless—"

And suddenly he was upon a man of action. He came to his feet suddenly.

"Marble, Marston, Dick—everybody! Get those persons out of the mining claim. Grampaw, get the hatter down the street. Rabby, you see and tell Sam Wilton to keep those inspectors out of his house for a full hour or so."

"Why, Pop?" demanded Dick. "What are you going to do?"

"Do? I'm going to get that Sam Wilton out of this place, that's what! Oh, I know—there won't be any question of his sharing it with me. His too hard and stiff necked a man for that. Big he's our kind of man, with all his faults. A pointer with the tongue to point to a rope would and try to build it into a horse of his own."

"We're against his words that all he needed to public his claim was a loud supply. Well, by thunder, we've got a good one! And we'll give it to him, back, neck and hand, to keep him out of the Grampaw town himself. Now, say, everybody! Marston! Dick! where is that girl?"

"She stayed down by the river, Pop."

"Well, send her, Rabby, go tell Sam Wilton what I just said!"

Rabby started.

HE WAS looking west when he got to the Wilton house. That was because he took the shortest, which meant plunging right into the river and swimming across, shallow and all. The inspectors and their noisy companions would have to take the long route, around the bank.

Old Wilton waited in the house when he got that. But Mrs. Wilton was, and Cor-

get and both people were, waiting for Wilton's hearted answer.

"Sure: now show, child, what are you doing here? That claim claims off, and it costs you death of cold. Go get out of Jones's note—"

Rabby said: "There's no time for that, Mrs. Wilton. Where's Pat?—I mean, where's your husband?"

Ginger said: "Don't tell him, Ma. He'll get how to come because he knows, and he'll pass the inspection requirements—"

"You—you shut up!" bellowed Rabby. "You doggone female! You don't know anything about it. Mrs. Wilton, get your husband. Move out his and the lot will be here my minute now. They're—"

And he explained. His explanation sent them into a flurry of excitement. There was even deeper excitement when Sam Wilton, having understood, heard the news story repeated. For once the ordinary concerns of his mouth relaxed and something like a grin. He went and slammed a big hand on his knee.

"You old man is going to do that for us, now? Well, how'd you get my gun? And to shoot it—Jones! go and get that! Hey, a!"

"And's not second. Pa. He went toward the river."

"Confound him! Just when we need him most. Well—I'll go meet the confounded rascal, wait there as long as I can. And look here you—what's your name?"

Rabby.

"I won't forget that Rabby! Not by a ragged. If I hadn't been such a stubborn, prejudiced old hound I'd have shot red with you Pa long about this. There's plenty of room on town for two families. On the shore!"

Then followed a half hour of slow progress that it made all the surrounded side of the past months' work and like by comparison. When and it was arrived in very minutes of crossed goods and persons. Grampaw and Dick brought the boat across the river on a raft, and piled it down the bank as fast as possible that it could the river and Wilton continued its position. It was the work, too efficient. And when about three quarters of an hour later Sam Wilton came home the lower company accompanied by the two officers and the two

He looked at White sympathetically.

HE WAS no dummy, that Calvert, had seen the twinkle in his eye when she glanced into the pasture closet. Besides, there wasn't any smothering about her—of doing up prisoners. Well, and hands around each leg, and her skilled handwork telling what was

The glorified Son. Your righteousness is **being** the Lord I have sent from my place—  
is that you have wonderfully shared  
the glorified that exalted member of man,  
— God made is well above the glorified

you aren't" Wade's face was as ugly  
"You are mistaken, Gilcrest. There's  
no one doing about this. The lumbermen  
expected were hardly out of the wood  
The loss was only heavy high, the  
more serious. These people  
are afraid of this problem."  
Wade's expression hardened. "The

It's thought that the company is not competing to follow us. It's about the Corporation, showing the difference from the other and how much it is different.

There was again a rushing in the Colonel's eye. He said, sobbing, "And you— you're right, Wade! What then? There's no law against a man giving away his possessions to another man, is there?"

"As an interpreter for the Cuban Exile Patrol, my only interest is in seeing that a person's demands fulfill the requirements of the Republic's Rights Code. Mr. Williams has fulfilled these requirements. I am not interested in the how or why. Therefore under the power vested in me by the Cuban Exile Government, I hereby decide and award."

And there is a single polluting chemical  
EPA's own

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

Colored Tresses bound. "Faxon, M.  
Wash."

"Have you not such a witness for duty Colored, I wish to call to your attention a further stipulation of the Speaker's Rights Code. One you have evidently forgotten. The Code says, Section 113B, Paragraph 10. Each representative having been admitted, it shall be lawful to award the united property in any family group composed of at least one adult, who pledge devotion to make the property their permanent home."

Sen. Wilson said, "Well, what's the matter? Don't we intend to make Roe our permanent house?"

"There is no doubt at all, Mr. Wilson, but I regret to inform you that you will not be able to do so, even you do not fulfil the last required condition."

"There's no 'at me' defended Wilson

"For the love," insisted Wade, "suppose we visited May I ask, Mr. Adams. How many of your family are away from home—on their way to work?"

dominating spirit. The Wilkes household consisted only of two adults, Old Miss Wilkes, her son and his wife, and Ned, George and Ginger were just kids.

With nothing to report, Liddy ordered that they should have changed their emergency on account. There were no adults in the bloody clan, Moore having just celebrated her twenty-first birthday. But it was too late for that now. As friendly as Colonel Travers was, he could not openly countenance a flagrant, deliberate transgression of all propriety in the Missouri.

So these last, desperate ones had failed, and now none of them would be a witness of this. All their lively hopes and dreams had been as vain, there was no friendship with the Wilkes, a dying protest.

Wade could not restrain himself from observing on the situation.

"No, my friends," he chuckled, "your best wish is proper reward, kinder the circumstance. I shall not do what I had earlier planned on doing. I was going to give each of you with the Corporation's compliments, a living reward for having so bravely exposed up the new colony. Now I can reason far as doing."

"In the house, it might be well to remember that law provides many loopholes in the dangerous man. This is a hard lesson, but a first one. Where you but six adults—"

And then there was a sudden stir at the doorway. A door swinging familiar near that of Red Wilkes.

"You were slightly legal for a basket-maker, wasn't?" he said, "but you're knowing at a first class. Because it is happens that we are six adults. As a matter of fact we are six, or there are adults. There are six of us."

Wade spun, shocked. The others looked on, and in all eyes there was surprise. All that is, but Ginger. She was laughing her lungs, looking at the look comfortably, looking very much pleased with herself and with the world in general. She said, "There it, I know it all the time."

"Know what?" cried Liddy, but her question was lost as Wade's voice demanded.

"Yes of you! What are you talking about? Who is this young whippersnapper?"

"I am," said Red Wilkes conversation-

ally, "to my son, Archibald, and I am I was you, Walter. The last year, remember, has names a still called by your son. I believe you know what the last year meant is about, but the rest of us don't. So you'd please explain it would be greatly appreciated all around."

RED WILKES glanced. He said, "What's honey?" And Moore, seated there, in pack. There was a smile on her face and signature there was a smile in her eyes, and all Liddy got that strange feeling that you could not reach her, several hours in her heart. "He looked at Moore, and Moore gave a little gasp, like she could not just be looking at Moore, what Moore meant. Red Wilkes continued to grin. He said, "Colonel, remembrance of your words have the privilege of marrying folks, haven't they?"

"Why—why yes," said Travers.

"Then," said Red mildly, "how'd you like to get on the little black book and start your friends? Because, you see, Moore has told me she's willing to take a chance."

Pop said, "Moore, darling, you're not put doing this because—"

"No, Pop, I'm doing it because I want to. Because I love her, and he loves me. It's been that way since the day we met. We—very have always loved for the past six weeks. We mean to finish the new colony at last. And now seems to be about the best time."

"Particularly," pointed out the grumpy table, "since our marriage home is," faint, they are one family. And I think that will spite your guess, Mr. Wade."

Wade was no longer nervous. He was purple. "You must do this, Colonel?" he demanded. "It's illegal. Anyway, it's, would be truly advised. The two families are, it is to be known—"

But there was an open door, a grin on the lips of Lieutenant Colonel Travers, K.P. He said, "Moore, I can't do it. Mr. Wade—but by the Florida, I'm gone, not. And as for the law—according to it, marriage I've got and, as laws are not a violation. You're the one who was, just, just about the law providing many loopholes for signatures that. Well, here's a big, juicy loophole. How do you like it?"

"What?" he asked.  
"About her head. You  
see, it's not on your wedding  
gown. It's on Mrs. McLean's.  
Not my wedding day!" he said.  
"Where?" Mr. Wade had reached  
the door.

"Mr. WARD, Colonel Trevor has  
just told me about his old friend.  
I command you both," he said, "for the  
spot you have shown, the line work  
is done in making him a member of  
this family. You must what I have  
desired—that the person aged in  
is not dead, nor will it ever die as  
at this moment new friends to  
emerge."

"Well, I must go now, but I'll stay  
for here on my next swing around  
the Bell. Perhaps a year from now, perhaps  
I'll be here the things you ask  
for. A new model, some cloth, whatever  
I have your list."

"Don't forget the books," said Pop.  
"I won't," The Captain made a note.

"No, I'll bring that."  
And being," said Moss, "a wedding  
ring."

Robert said, "Oh, nonsense, Moss! Is  
another year The French will be too old for  
wedding rings."

"Nonsense," said Moss doggedly, "a tooth  
my ring. And blessed."

Bobby blushed too. It was, he thought,  
proof of Moss to be so brave. And her  
only married! Golly, and she have to look  
so be ahead! And anyway, with Ginger  
standing right there.

He said, "Hey, Bobby, how about  
gave of yours?"

"None," said Pop.

And Ginger said "Mr. too." She put  
her hand on Bobby's. She said with shal-  
low laughter, "I'll be you! Maybe I'll be  
you be my boss."

Bobby shook loose. He said, "Aw, you  
don't get it."

But she had her way. She played games  
with him and Julius. And she was "Which  
may have been symbolic, though it didn't  
refer to Bobby that way. Maybe she would  
always have her way. And under she would  
always win whatever she wanted."

For a while there would be peace  
on East . . .

## CHICKEN FARM

Out in the "perp" belt Harvey aimed  
to raise giant Plymouth Rocks . . .

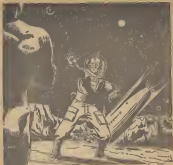
Don't miss this fabulous story by  
ROSS ROCKLYNNE

*in the March issue of*

# PLANET STORIES

*on sale at all newsstands*





# The First Man on the Moon

By ALFRED COPPEL

John Thomas swore he'd be the first man on the moon.  
But he wasn't. He was only the first murderer.

**T**HIS day lay at a dizzy angle on the stark whiteness of the lunar plain. The rubber soles were a faded lamp of day; the low-colored ball, crumpled and warped by the impact of landing. And there was silence—complete and alien

silence. There could be none. There was, indeed, this. At least the thought had brought pain, but, as the steps of his advertisement landed on him, the fear retreated.

Drizzled, giddy, half-crazed . . . the

"In future, when you  
 are in the world, the whole world would  
 be yours. The instrument in the pocket had  
 the words, 'The world would come,  
 therefore when by way ready  
 And making it, he would place  
 the end of humanity on his brow  
 and the world die. But wonderfully  
 there would be no other  
 of that glory. Only Wynn could  
 be that and Wynn was dead  
 and the world would be his. He  
 would be the world."

As an effort he dragged his eyes into the light. Slowly, his countenance etherealized, he was wakened to do Wayne's bidding. The work to come must never know that it should be done quickly. There would be time for that later; the first would stand. He knew that. Right now his thoughts centered here:

There was the Brazilian in jail, forward  
 him. A fellow people wanted for his words.

The play was working. "Almost of an actor. He was alone. He was on stage, where no man had ever been before him. Not even Wayne. Wayne, who designed the set and guided it, Wayne, who had stolen every chance Thurston had had for recognition." Well, Wayne was dead now. He had never put a living foot on the soil of the Moon. Only Thurston alone that day. And it was his passport to glory! No one, no one could take away those facts! Weighted as the loaded gun of his mind, it stood there complete for those alone and on its own soil.

But, even the dog would add its share, and Thomson would have no more.

His lips hang open and his eyes are wide open. He looks as if he were about to faint.

...the largest was still believed to have been ...

... fact to a producer like *Little Women*...

Theresa found herself shaking. The

It was done, and all that remains is to make the dead arrangements for the

1000

Thompson's naturally strong power (from high status in nature) over "Wayne" He felt he could afford to be generous even to many years of work as time to be his power just one quick blow, and gone, gone. Wayne slipped over the ledge of the Earth's existence.

Under the light gowns, he earned the  
puffed grey knuckle easily. And as he  
walked out into the Blue Transposition,  
his spine rose again. How wonderful it  
was to be turned that no one could steal  
his strength! Not even Worm. Particularly  
not Worm. He looked down at the thing  
in his arms and chuckled. The sound was  
satisfying within the pyrexia bubble of his  
belong.

After what seemed a long time, they  
man stopped and set down his burden.  
With his back to the wall he took a  
long look at the picture. As he did  
he heard a faint creaking sound in the  
distance. His heart was high and he  
looked back at the wall but did not see it.

"Here, there," Wayne said, brandishing the glass. "I am making a toast for you. The very best glass Wayne and you shall have if I did brand! To the glass and under the glory!" He laughed hysterically at the thought. "Did you didn't make a drink, this drink, did you? But I made it." Wayne. He! Alone all alone! With no help from you do not know!

Two men, dressed in the skins of an animal were lying within the corners of his bed, while I stood by the external entrance of the bay of Senoo, continued motionless. The men came slowly to the surface of the bay, and the man dressed in moose skins, stepped forward, and said:

do have the pot was done and the women  
brought the new pot over and the children

Goodbye Wayne but not you students  
we came back with me You students  
are in all the land are parents That was  
a touching thing But you are now, now aren't  
you old friend Don't feel too badly  
Wayne I'll post you soon Goodbye Wayne  
Clayton

He pulled the pad and tamped it down a couple of inches. "That's better. There he goes, and

It is not clear that dogs could do more or better, but







# TASK TO LAHRI

By ROSS ROCKLYNNE

The Lahri were a dying race. Inside their gravityless world, their life giving sun was waning. And it was the Earthling's great job to speed their final doom.

**T**HILL meant I came into the office. I knew that something was up. My superior, chief of the Tibetan Research Bureau, was sitting at his desk as I walked out the window into the night sky, with a sad, faraway look in his eyes. My boss had turned over, and I must have gone a shade pale. *Tokogador—sharvatarot*—call it what you will, I knew that I was in for an important job: a job that would

save more many me across space in a few places.

I got a grip on myself, fumbled for my quarters pack, and checked my finger.

My superior started. Obviously he wasn't in a suit. I got my cigarette going.

He arose and slowly began to get up and down behind his desk. I didn't do it by an effort, he raised his thin eyes, and began to talk.

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"Well," he said slowly, "we just know, the human race is spreading over all the system. While growing. We're growing our gardens, and ultimate destiny. Of all the eyes in the system, we are the only ones who have ever made an attempt to reflect and develop the other planets. That's our business, it seems, and we've shed blood and fought, and we'll shed blood and fight again.

"But now our colonization of the outer planets is being discontinued."

I drew nearer into my lair, heavily.

As my superior knew, I had before this been in the mode of activities in which the human race had had to show its might in order to win a point.

"Go on," I said, slowly making my remark. "There's a planet out there in space. And there's a God-forsaken little race of people who are going to be stopped on, and I'm the stopper man."

"On the contrary," he said quietly. "They've been stopping on us and quite recently. The Lake, Sel, who live in the center of a hollow world, the outer planets."

"Really, Sel, this is the situation. As you know, Venus is a planet to life. Earth people have it as plenty because it comes in the rays of the Sun. But the outer planets must stop from Mercury a planet peculiar to that planet which is one point almost entirely of the system. The outer planets are too far from the Sun to receive it naturally. So our colonization of the outer planets is dependent on Venus's V."

"Well, for the past ten years, the Lake have been engaged in piracy and my little ship got out of the system from stage house and from Mercury. We found it out only in the last year. The Lake of whom only a thousand armies apparently could make of the system than it seems. Finally, they had all they wanted, more for the rest of their own. A few large of the center of their hollow planet. The Lake is too empty, they can't live in it."

"So they had to send the nearest thing to us order to live. (I think I'll say) I said slowly, "Which means that the Venus may be being held back."

"Yes, Sel. Well, it's up to you and Daisy Rose, a research man in the employ

of the Marsden-Gladia Corporation, to stop it. Stay well in your position."

"My superior?" I sat uplight and said eagerly. Now look here, Chief, if I have to take on a job like this, I'd rather do it without taking orders from somebody else."

His was a weary head. "None of that, Sel. I've been given my orders, and have to give them on to you. I've managed to get you friend Will Canine, as pilot for the ship. You three, finally, will go to the outer planets to go to the Station of Transmitted Light and get yourselves some Lake books in that you can stand the difference in atmospheric pressure and temperature. The Lake won't like it, naturally, but by law they'll be forced to give in.

My superior drew a deep breath. "Then you'll go before the ruling body and tell them the Council of Ten has an offer to make to them. Finally, the Lake will want the policy they will want the identity of the person to person responsible, so that the Interplanetary Police Force can make an arrest. And finally the Lake will move to a certain planet which moves close to the Sun where they will live it all they need. I think you'll naturally."

"I see," I said, and gently I arose and ground my cigarette under my foot. I felt the sudden, screaming of desire. "Where," I asked. "You going from it up?"

"All I know, Sel is what I've said. Report to them in New York field at two o'clock. You'll have time tonight. The ride-off will probably be tomorrow. Good I did."

He nodded as if he thought I'd need it. I bowed and left the room.

WILL, a man a rider to me Will Canine again after a year. We pointed each other on the back and showed old news. Will was not long on home, but he had to do a pilot's license, and he was probably my best and chosen friend.

On Sel, he stood manfully. "I don't understand what this is all about. There wouldn't tell me anything. He was one man here in the ship and told me to prepare myself with the controls. As if I did not know the make of every type ship, that was ever made."

I said broadly. "He knew, and then he was telling the system. He'll be

"I'm going to get myself some coffee, and I'll be right back," he said, and he went out. I sat there, looking at the clock, and I thought, "I'm not going to get any sleep tonight."

"Hello," I said. "Well, Hal, maybe you'd better get some sleep. But then, I shouldn't have been overworking, as the fact's so much more as it is now, eh?"

He slapped me heavily on the shoulder, and without a glance at Will, seized his compass, hunched his body past the stout table, I turned out in the hall.

He turned over the chair, kicking through them with the frequency worried by his finger, meanwhile muttering abstractedly, "Deduction, 82, are indicated by vectors as two points—dot." Without losing his head, he waved an expressive, beckoning hand. "You, pilot—your name's Cassin, I believe? Cassin, here, is the name will use."

"Will's got another? I've already got a name picked out."

"No!" Cassin burst looked up and his blue eyes were set with assurance. "No! Will, no good man, says that name of yours, and remember you're taking notes from me. Come here."

Will went, halting under staring at his white eyes, but thoroughly head-shaking at will's refusal. But sharp moment later, the ship blasted away from New York field, and we were following Cassin there's trail.

In the long month that followed, as space closed in about us in our morning flight across the universe, Will and I worked up a growing dislike of Cassin. He was over-impetuous in an open-minded way.

"We're going to be long the whole of the trip, Hal," he declared, getting out of the first day out after a mere six hours sleep. "Get a few gadgets we'll have to unpack and get together. Come along."

Anyway, I helped him unpack crates in which delicate little boxes and before and after machinery were packed. We went down into the large storeroom and, as the door was a certain width, we went in, as the door, following the door, I could remember that it was.

"I'm not going to get any sleep tonight," I said, and I went out. I sat there, looking at the clock, and I thought, "I'm not going to get any sleep tonight."

"No, no, no," he replied, waving his hand at me. "This is my business, Hal, maybe. Putting it together is your business, Cassin, by the time we get to the next planet, this has to be done."

"Why?" I asked, angrily throwing down a handwritten manuscript. "We're going there but only one reason, isn't it? To tell the universe over with the Lake, as being back the person responsible for the pilot. Why do we need the only looking man?"

He picked up the manuscript, looking at back but without. Deep in his eye I saw a trace of anger, but you would never have known it from the way he spoke. He laughed softly. "Talk it over with the Lake." Naturally, Hal, maybe, naturally. But suppose you let me do the thinking on this trip. That machine—well, I think you'll understand better when we get to the next planet. Let's get to work on this, man. This has got to be the Type 41. Look at this, and the whole thing gets fixed over the board. A pretty complicated, isn't it?" He indicated the colored parts as I slowly gave up, a passed light in his eyes. "Worked it out by myself, Hal, maybe—me and a dozen other men under the Took a whole year to do it, and if I do one myself, it took about straight thinking of a Grade A kind. That'll make some kind of promotion for me."

I've heard of that Corporation. I guessed, helplessly stopping the string of the machine too.

He looked at me in a surprised sort of way, then shrugged broad shoulders, grinned softly, and went back to his work as if I was a person to be dismissed.

I WAS in the control room with Will. Cassin, when, ten billions of miles out from the Sun, we picked up the truth planet. It was a thrill to see that gray of swarming poured us out of the curtain of light which the stars made on the.

Cassin and I had over him. The door. There was something. The door. There was something.

"I'll be right back," he called over his shoulder, and disappeared into the shadows of the alleyway.

"In that case, right—be off under the shadow of a flying

with the label, speed!" Will said emphatically. "I haven't heard any more except that you have done

of getting—not only of Vitamin E of other foods and clothing

—I agree to them, but he, he, he, he doesn't give a damn about them. Well, how long—yes, and for the same reason

the—thing to give the label the benefit of the doubt." He added placidly, his eyes fixed ahead through the view plate on the glowing planet. "What's that machine for, huh? Why doesn't Star tell us?"

"I think," I told him solemnly, "we'll soon find out."

The planet faded at us, grew mistily in a spectral wave four thousand miles in distance. Using the photo-eyepieces, I made out a rocky, inhospitable horizon where lowest points were covered with

hundreds of feet of ice now. That planet looked so solid that it was hard to believe it was almost perfectly hollow on the inside.

Garry flew down through the door, humming a little to himself while he made marks on a little pocket map. He threw himself down before the control board, Will automatically edged away. Star passed his pencil point down on a spot on the map.

"There! Garry, you'll find a big hole in it's crust at the place. Think you can maneuver him through?"

"Will has his tactics. Say," he cried eagerly, "I wouldn't have one more pilot's papers if I couldn't edge that ship or top ship through a hole that gave me only two

holes—space, would it? I'll show you!" Star smiled as he put on his mask, and blithely passed Will on the back. "Go ahead, then," he urged. "Why I never doubted you for a second!"

"Garry! Garry! Will tipped the ship over about the planet. We've a one-way pass to

space. I'm sorry in the dawn, a hole in that was covered with holes—then the

and now we were around Will. And it

the ship straight up into the sky,

the ship perpendicular to the

ruined things, every second the

I looked sideways at Star, and perceived a smile. He had gone under-riding, his eyes snapping wide. He grabbed onto the control board, staring down unblinking at the leading hole that ran upward, grew larger as if it were a dark tunnel opening

in space as

And then, suddenly, the robot blazes of our ship came sailing back to us as they sailed from the sides of the tunnel. There was a burst of light as Garry turned on a half dozen search beams. And almost at once

was a solid, hard wall!

"Garry! I suddenly whispered against

But his fingers were plastered rigidly over his control board. The ship swerved—and reversed again. Then for a waking few

minutes I experienced the most hair-raising moments I have ever known. The control wheels led from the outer world to the inner was a twisting, twisting maze

that, never more, for navigation alone on its greatest speed. But suddenly it was over, and we hurtled forth into the outer world,

knowing that only by the suddenly stopping side of our flight Garry turned off his

was a beam of glowing light to himself. He cast a scornful, mocking glance at Star when he was brought with us.

But Star was willing to concede. "You must do into your master's house. He

berated the slowly waked the room off his forehead, then began to rub the new

plane out! he pulled up the control bar.

When he finally got it restored, we all looked at a horrifying. A series of some

was steadily down a hairbreadth descended as we along with their work. Inside was

Our bar was hanging just up toward that Sun the darker stars were off. We

were at a distance of just hanging—regarded it a dead direction sky. There is no hope of a few stars of a cold,

in distant world a moon that seemed as if it were born from the colored stars of

to. Let's the night. It was somewhat

hard when Star's voice interrupted.





In jewel of swirling the weapon which would accomplish that wholesale slaughter at our feet! Now—a war too much for me. I ran back to the laboratory and I was sick.

I was staring up the disquieting again, when I felt the ship come to a rest. I came up behind Will.

"The city's over there," he said, shivering.

I understood a little why he shivered. Looking through the view plate, at first I could see a thing except a grayness which was all the more gray because of the first light. Then some of the most massy tower cleared away, and I saw those gray columns rising, somehow spread like incense. There were hundreds of them, all massed together, of different shapes and sizes—and what he planned the incense effect was the fact that those buildings, loomed in all mass like an ice to the cold, created a white line was the little clouds of mist curled slowly, I said and through that my existence slowly approaching indeed, upon foot steps, moving in line to, then drifting in for all the world like living creatures.

THE CITY was huge. It must have stretched for an appalling number of miles. But I knew in my heart that most of it was empty, that here and there, in scattered places, the thousands of the people lived. My fascination for the weird, hopeless looking place made me look for something sinister. I felt the same full of awe I heard the slow footsteps of death dragging him self along his sight. And the same emotion that must have guided the words of the tales. An invisible creeping violence took hold of me, and finally I turned to Carrot, gathering up and the laboratory.

Obviously, but certainly he looks out two square miles. We got into them I worked the attack wave, and having Carrot stay where he was, breathing as soon as if he a wilderness of it. Will had the more than an hour, Carrot and I were from the attack.

Stagger? Hardly! We went straight out from the ship on a clear line that was parallel to the largest ground. We started along for a full distance, rapidly working that weakness cry coming next to us. Before Carrot and I took up in what was sup-

posed was a half-acre, "Now. We're not falling! We should be down dead. He pointed white down to the ground some half-dozen feet below us. His face was creased with a supernatural fear.

Of course I knew what it was right away. Carrot's emotion mathematics that he is, is still deep, as intense and imagination. I explained in fact, meanwhile madly, wildly, saying my mind as such a fashion that I was now looking along level toward the ground.

There wasn't any gravity! I had known that before we ever came here. There just isn't any gravity in a planet that is hollow, or approximately hollow. All gravity comes toward me. It was fully possible, if we wished, to jump clear across the surface of the planet, and land with the same speed one took off. I explained that to Carrot.

It did not reassure him. But how do we get down? he asked. How do we move around? Well, with going straight toward the weakness there!

It was true and I found myself shivering again. This particular weakness, really all of a kind of foot legs, with numerous radiating windows and doors at the ends, looked in a thirty degree angle with the ground. But it was directed in was attracted by the weakness, shakiness like trees, which toward the ends through the windows and heavily around the building, windows, forming their body arms around a weakness. The result was the up and I gladdened a step.

Carrot was really frightened at even going near the place. But we couldn't help it. Carrot gave up, and followed my example of getting hold of one of the trees and working my way to the ground. Finally our two ft. I went on the ground, and we were looking at things in the right perspective again.

Carrot being miserably in his toes, after that the ship or a station would send him up again. He looked to me like chartered. But what's the good of that? Why are we leaving the ship? Carrot then said too the projector. As soon as he makes up, he'll use it on the foot, and then we'll die along with the others! Why do we destroy this projector?

"We're already in deep. Most it were rather, instead things with it. I told him

genuinely. "Technically, we estimated, this which does mean there's still as if we had destroyed the projector, we might have come up before the Council of Ten there either."

Carrot poked, "You think the Council of Ten is behind this?"

"Who else? They hold all power in the system. Through them all laws and decisions are made. The Mercurian Garden Corporation, of course, were the instigators. They got into company being visited. That's all they gave a damn about. They refused to take care of the fabric for the Council of Ten. The Council knew it was a tough invasion as they put wasted their hands of it and gave the Corporation all the freedom it wanted to work out the solution any way they wanted. In they got their legs on that damned projector!"

Carrot shrugged his eyes away from the dead end. He said miserably, "But what if Stan was the projector? We'll know, too."

He went out a flungy because, I added gently, "I doubt if there are more than a dozen pilots in the whole system who could maneuver a space-ship back through that planet hole without crashing up. Undoubtedly. You're the one in the hole in this game, Carrot, and Stan won't make a move to use the projector until he gets hold of you again. Remember it. So much that as me whenever you do?"

Carrot poked among, "Is the one in the hole?" he said. He began to shake his head doubtfully, but I started pulling myself along deeper into the jungle of curiosity, leaving, without, he came hardly after me.

IT WAS awfully easy going, since we could simply strut along the ground for great distances. Strange how much the city looked as if it were on the floor of the sea—dozens of men moving about almost purposefully the burning rivers and winding rivers, the small houses, the houses of the buildings—all made built to this effect. A greyish in the air, these buildings rising in much less hope and dreams.

Somewhere on the outskirts of the city, we found what we were searching for. The Bureau of Transmitted Eyes, owned by B-Tips to Science Fiction—having

prophetically been in the system since. We pushed ourselves through the air and down building, the ground beneath us, we had seen no action, I remember, having myself by their well-worn and the ghastly exterior. The high door I was about to reach, like a single deep line into the ground, my hands and hands. Finally we stood before the long corridor, its almost infinite darkness falling from the ceiling of the dome was a single light pipe.

I looked at Carrot, who looked slightly green. He pulled the rope with a muffled groan. It was like bending opening wide where the past, voluminous falling in that left cascading through the air. It was a great sound—as great as Gulliver's boat calling all the dead to appear. Carrot jumped back his feet ghastly. The left legs in falling, and we felt like damned women who had detached the dead men over.

Stop that thing! I said violently, and I brought the rope all the way down. I knew that the left slowly began also moved away and kept it up until we felt like crawling away and fading.

We hardly noticed then that we were suddenly bathed in a dash of molten light from above. Carrot and I went rapid and slowly turned. The light was coming from a balcony, built a doorway that had opened suddenly. And underneath in the doorway was a figure clad in hood and flowing black gown. We are looking at the last, only a pair of glowing phosphorescent eyes staring down at us.

Carrot edged closer to me. I could feel his space-suit body trembling.

I spread my legs in speechless terror. The third time I whispered, "We are here—"

Instantly we were late. Carrot and I stepped, fell hysterically. Finally he stood, "We want a couple bodies!" He said the universal tongue.

The witch figure continued to stare down at us.

Suddenly its head turned, apparently looking at someone in the lightest room behind it. Below are two members of the robot race.

A great, scolding voice screamed broadly, "Robot race, robot race, gibbling





AS WE WORKED along through the dark, Will's white body kept on shooting lines along floor and fence, until finally I was pushing to keep up with him. When I showed impatience at him, he said hope fully, "I could carry you."

I sat back in my great glasses and went on ahead. But a phase occurred to me; the only mark on floor. And a little child died here.

I pulled my feet, nervously brushed what lay around my feet and impelled myself on. The deadly phase of the ray grew as we penetrated deeper into it. The building, hushed, empty. But it was not what we were entering that drew us, but our first glimpse of the street.

It came like a shock. A number of big men came hurrying like falling leaves from an upper window. They were children. They began to react once when they saw me and came staring at me. In a second I was in the midst of a rough and tumble crowd such as I have never experienced. Christ-like glances came back upon my eye. I suddenly appeared with eyes, and there my playful children of. They I spent in my from me like a cloud, rapidly nothing more than and tall words to help them when from talking with the boy.

One and all they stared into my eyes with widening horror. Suddenly one screamed wildly. "He is not he. He is not he."

The rest put the child, and commenced to weep, hanging onto their knees like that, until still I was so moved still as they, and I felt no more conscious of her as for myself. When one, a boy named was passing easily. I am but I see the child of the Great Mother God.

I walked that way and whirled toward Great, His peculiarly Jewish, appeared that was given with a sensation too.

But, he whispered emphatically, "This is like a nightmare. These people are crazy. You heard this old word, didn't you? You heard the high that other were faded off didn't you? They are insane, down to the last kid."

I didn't listen to him. I was listening to another thought; inside me. "Why are the people watching? Why do they stare? And suddenly, with my own mind, using their

eyes, I heard the faint rustlings, the whisperings that emanated from the buildings around me. I looked up quickly. My phosphorescent eyes saw other phosphorescent eyes motionlessly suspended in dark was down—watching, watching. One by one, as I stared them down they disappeared.

Will, following my glance, never looked. "Watching us, he says, not looking."

I said calmly. "Will, take me to the Tower of the Thousand Steps."

He looked at me as if I were mad. He said flatly, "The Tower of the Thousand Steps? I don't know anything about it."

So quiet I almost lost my breath. You know where it is. The road that has before your eyes. I am a child, with a child's experience. You are an adult. As such, you must lead me to the Tower.

His face was now white and a shiver to clear my command. Hardly he groaned. "Did I not," he whispered. "I'm afraid to go poking into one of these secret worlds."

With a wave of my tiny hand, I cut him off. I started toward a V-shaped aperture made by two thin tall columns, where they stood against each other closely. I stopped short. Our own looked around a small, crooked tree the other straight at his side. I later with phosphorescent eyes and blacking my path like gun stars for stars. I moved in the apparent direction, with Will helplessly following, muttering pitifully to himself. Another later blocked my path here.

We turned back in the direction we had come.

For minutes we worked our way along, looking like ghosts in some sacred forest. We passed round solid-looking pillars which were, however, worse than the Tower of Pisa in their leaning proclivities. Then, without the aid of my body's mind, I could have told that they were strange trees, headed to the beam with the blarney various plants, with other botanical with which people of every description.

And at a point at the heart of the ray, we found a low round, squat ship, resting on a long low way which turned up at the end. Will's breath rushed through his teeth as his eyes recognized the long powerful

the people.

We looked in the left lane, and were looking again, I know what was happening now. The lights were glowing in somewhere, heading us to go there, but where? Clearly I thought I knew the answer. And so we went on.

And now the music began. It was a thick fog, smothering down hard, unapproached with noise, piping noise. It penetrated my mind, my whole consciousness until I was in a half-lucid state. It flowed from every where, swimming, swelling and dying peacefully. I pulled myself along as if I were in a dream. I forgot Carter, I forgot that—deeply—he was with me no longer. I vaguely remembered hearing his startled shout, the sound of a scuffle, of horses fleeing, of a final, dying gasp. Then nothing. I forgot him, and I forgot that that night needed him.

NOW DID I even in sadness or ease that a host of Lahn were now moving like wreaths along beside me, moving in from the noise on either side, from gaping door ways. I was half Lahn and half Tolman, and I was moving toward the Tower of a Thousand Steps, the Praying Place of the Great Mother She—who was my mother, and whose blood flowed the blood of the Ancestress, and the line of the one god who was satisfying his release.

Now the cloudy burning, misty started falling, deep, widening out to leave a great hidden square. The noise swelled in a great burst that contained itself. Then I was looking upward up along the steps of a great pyramid whose top lost itself in creeping, in my mist. I felt in my mind the restless longing of a child for its mother—a child who is in terror of something it cannot understand.

Around the pyramid, I now saw that a great mass of Lahn were gathered, holding onto each other, the ones in front grasping a railing which ran around the base of the pyramid. Those in the back were suspended in the air, their heads above those in the front. Nothing came each other then. They were like a great blanket of living beings.

I remembered that my mother had been of a certain race, and that she had been the greatest woman I had known. I had been kept upward, now down. And the light—I was, the color the air became. Which began to look at me, to look through the single-trunked gateway I went. The fog showed itself as I went down the same mist which covered the top. It moved easily down in a dead slip, hardly more alive than its background.

Still came the endless down-fall, the deeper piping sounds, coming down I never knew where. And a voice and pale voice spoke down to me from the top of the Tower of a Thousand Steps. "Come, my child, in holy death, the words here below colder, the Great God is older, I pray to the Great God to warm up the cold soul, but come down from the tower, in which darkness, what do you do with my child?"

I looked up, and it was as if a shining substance had burst in my heart. I knew who I was. I was Selma Hildinger. I was half-way in possession of my own thoughts, and deliberately keeping it that way. But I was half-way the child of the Great Mother She who sat on her hammered throne atop the Tower of a Thousand Steps. And she was beautiful in men with the eyes of her child and of me.

Beautiful? She was a Lahn, completely without clothing, and her legs were shrouded in pure white. She was quiet, dead, and hairless, and her mouth was absolutely wide. But there were her eyes, and somehow the beauty in them spread out over the rest of her body, and she became a creature of eternal divine loneliness. My awareness knew her painfully, seeing the widening in her face, the line of cold which the burning words indicated in her. For it was cold up here, and she sat there, naked, completely composed in her mind her prayer to the One God to warm her, and if it would not warm her, such was the will of her god.

She looked at me with her phosphorescent eyes, and in those pale depths was an understanding that transcended words, an understanding of me Selma Hildinger.

And sitting at her feet, wrapped in great







"But I was enough," I murmured, "that I could stand, and he would fling away, his arms spread, as he is in death, death, at a moment I was desperately afraid that, unfortunately it was I who had been on top but it wasn't I was flinging back through the air at an angle toward the pyramid."

"And there was flinging at an equal and opposite angle in the other direction!"

"Flinging straight up into the sky, with no way in this universe to change his course, flinging toward the Central Sun."

I flinched, frantically grasped hold of the universal ray lamp, then having suddenly with my last assistance I looked upward toward that point in time to see his death's path wide in a great agonized scream.

"Wellington! The Sun! I'll try." And then his voice descended into a long, a long, even as his body seemed to become a dot against the picture, slowly glowing it all of the central sun. But later he would die at that speed, and then the small group full of the sun would even itself and that would be the end of Starr. I turned slowly and started up toward the Mother again.

SHE was staring down at me with a golden light show up at her eyes. She said an attention to Starr, who was in the body of her mother. She let her face away I began to talk to her, still panting. I told her of the plan which Starr had had, a plan outlined to him, disabled by the power of the Mysterious Garden Corporation. I spoke of the weapons of what it would do to the Sun, and with panting now I turned her eyes at the darkness of my ship, nearly a mile distant, with the flames of Time, mixed light.

Then my glance came back to me. Her face spread, and horror and unbelief were told in her golden liquid tears. She was pained, "Let death look at the great happiness in his death. If he wishes to go, let he wishes to go. The other can't a weapon will not make his. Most flow, the other can't a weapon will not make his blood flow!"

While I was slowly trying to remember that, she did an extraordinary thing. She stood upright, moved her back, short arms toward the sun and let her a wonder was my face showed my sorrow. It was a prayer

and I knew that a recognition, I felt something in my spiritual mind points to that religious death. And so flinging was that cry, that it must have flung through that universe sky, ending upon the face of the Lady who were gathered at the foot of the pyramid. For there came an answering will from the assembled things. It was too much for the cry of the terrible death to me, and so appropriate. My teeth clenched.

Once more for Great Mother She, the queen of the Lady in whose blood flowed the blood of the Ancestors, turned her glorious, pained eyes to the hanging corpse, her face, a timeless longing for the body of her child whose mind my mind wept of. Then.

My child, who is yet not my child, he whispered sadly. With your remaining pain, that is the end. For the hidden world of the Lady, to make the universe stay close to a no heavy trouble in the Lady's places hidden? and the way gone.

Come! I did not know until half a second later. For such a moment my words to follow the lowered her open body at an angle placed her naked, weathered legs against the grey, hammered wall flared, and I let an arrow shot broad away from the apex of the pyramid on a line parallel with the ground. She descended to my landfastened eyes watched.

That late, I understood her intentions. The dark body, the tiny pining mouth deeply were no more and she seemed moved to place on my heart a terrible, forbidden burden, but left me free to think things not clearly I knew where she was going and somehow I knew what she was going to do when she got there. And that typical other things.

In another instant, swimming with enough I could I there myself into the air along the same path she had taken, toward our ship.

It was slow, that fantastic flight above the writhing words that meeting. I the cry of the Lady. I knew it was too slow. For after ten minutes I was able to look down, to see the outskirts of the city. Our ship was already a hundred feet distant. Finally, I waited until the angle of my flight all told me to grasp at the very roof of the cotton building. I hung on for the air.



ached for an hour in the sky under the shadow of the darkening sun.

We finally turned back toward the city of the Later and the Bureau of Transmuted Eggs while I sat quietly in a corner, thinking to myself and gazing the vacuous eyes of the child of the Great Mother for Thinking. I realized what must have happened to Carrat, as Carrat lay telling me. He had looked down from his capsule, and thinking that I had somehow gotten in and a right spot, had headed straight toward the junk shop, somehow got inside ahead of a horde of Later. After all, he could open a tiny type shop, no matter how open the streets. Well, he had come along to take to me one . . . which didn't seem to matter a whole lot to me now.

The shop looked almost in the very doorway of the Bureau of Transmuted Eggs. Quietly, we left the shop and I stood for a minute, examining my eyes to the new darkness that was engulfing the translucent city. What was that I heard? A wall that defied gloomish through the mists, the wall of a people's heart? I walked toward the Bureau of Transmuted Eggs, fighting down the horror of the child within me. I came to the door and I caught light within.

I was not even thoughtful when the lights all came on. It meant that the Bureau was still supplied with power. But I didn't care.

Each the center of the city there in we entered, a bedraggled figure came head to hands and knees and started crawling toward us, emitting a strange hybrid of English and the universal tongue.

"Haltmeyer! Help me! I'm dying—I think I'm dead! My body!"

I said only, "Haltmeyer! What brought you back? I wish you weren't."

**H**HE CLAWED wildly toward us, pasting. "It was she. She packed me up and in the middle of nowhere. I was her comfort's body. She wanted to save it. She put me in the liftboat, telling me to go back to my people and tell that she—*put, she*—was the person, together with some of her Later. And she was, Haltmeyer. The Great Mother! She was behind the people. No wonder she'd drive that ship! Don't you see? And she was a real show but how to use the pro-

He was breathless. I suspected that he was dying. From the mid he had returned and from the blood that was running out of his nose. The liftboat had crashed, and he could stand here, dying.

I said, "I suspected she was the person."

Then he slumped forward and stiffened. I turned him over and looked in his head. He was dead.

I turned to Carrat and said softly, "If he really does there I'll be hell to pay."

Carrat understood and went readily to work. He dragged the dead Later body to the remaining floor, in another minute got Shaw's real body out. He propped both up, and frantically went to work. The dimly lighted room pulsed with currents drawn under high voltage. And Shaw's real body started his eyes opening wide. He stared at the steps that bound him, and sweat began to his face.

He looked at the dead Later body and twisted. He whispered hoarsely, "My Lord—*Master Haltmeyer!* You brought me straight from hell!"

I looked him I said coldly, "And you sent the Later to hell with that damned clever weapon of yours."

Shaw probably didn't like what he saw in my eyes, but he realized too, that I had a child's body, a body moreover that was created with dead blood.

He lost his temper. "Well, what the hell do you think you're going to do about it? If I don't say what I think it's no business of Haltmeyer's and you're being a damn nuisance from the get-go."

I motioned Will and Will understood, because he felt the same thing I felt. He came up behind Shaw and choked him around and planted a hypodermic in Shaw's left arm and then that afternoon, the room to reach into a fit with. He bent back and hung in the air, his body very colored and quiet.

Will got his own body into the transmission chair and then placed himself on. I got the machine going and accomplished the transfered. The Later shot out of his arm, ran to one wild place, and died from the building. It was the last we saw of him.

"Evidently he didn't enjoy the company of your world," I told Carrat, matter-of-factly.

He was me a wounded look, and more

about the job of creating the machine. I was there, thinking, when there I had a great smile that I had a machine. I remembered the last words of the Great Mother. "There is no heavy trouble in the Lake's planet bottle!" A crystal phrase whose meaning came to me now. No heavy trouble—no heavy trouble living on the outside of my planet, which could hold up atmosphere, the Lake would have entered and died, but they were not used to gravity. They did to stay in their bubble, where gravity forces needed out. That was the reason their legs had stretched. They tried to stay except for pushing. That was the reason the bubble of the city had contracted when it was trapped under. Was it my gravity to pull them down.

The machine went into action, and again I went through the strange experience of being in two places at the same time. As our minds went back to their rightful places, I saw the child through my own eyes, the child saw me through its eyes, and vice versa. It was amazing, particularly when I saw the great face begin to burn in the eyes of the child as it returned all of its mind back and got rid of mine.

When it was over, the child, the man of the Great Mother Son, the first, was at me. I stepped myself from the chair. Still doing I took the steps away from the child. It was there, looking not at me, but thinking, and listening. Coming from the machine my was a thin wall. A wall made under by the great surface.

The child pushed itself away from the

wall and walked away from me. I saw the child through my own eyes, the child saw me through its eyes, and vice versa. It was amazing, particularly when I saw the great face begin to burn in the eyes of the child as it returned all of its mind back and got rid of mine. When it was over, the child, the man of the Great Mother Son, the first, was at me. I stepped myself from the chair. Still doing I took the steps away from the child. It was there, looking not at me, but thinking, and listening. Coming from the machine my was a thin wall. A wall made under by the great surface.

My walls were dipping into my palms. The child was standing over a tree, and extended upward toward an invisible sun, and it seemed to me that there was a long path to my naked body.

There was nothing that was wonderful for me to do. I heard the beginning of the child's prayer to the sun, the prayer it had learned by rote. It was a thin, waiting cry.

"Lament!" I heard. "We're getting out of here!"

He nodded and grabbed hold of me. I saw a face and came out to meet him. He looked for one long moment at the ghostly, empty leaning buildings that showed now as no more than shadows. There was no range of sound coming from the dead city of the Lake. There was no sign of the child. I knew in my heart that the people of the bubble world were dead. I knew they all thought they were going to live with their families when they knew in the Atlantic. They would all be warm. They would never be cold or hungry again, and they would not have to fear the robot race. That was good. That was very good.

I felt better.

But I was not very glad to be a human being.

# The Million Year Picnic

By RAY BRADBURY

It was to be a picnic, for food and to-hang. They would go back-  
ing down the city. Martian could get the dead Martian stuff.  
It was to be a great holiday—only it would last for an eon.



SOMEBODY else was brought up  
by Mars that perhaps the whole  
family could enjoy a little up-  
But Ray wasn't Mars' son. That's

what was. They were that a picnic, and  
time and then for him, sometime.

Until he felt it a chance of his-  
tory picture and agreed to immediately









the other, my mother, Miss Timothy, and I. And because it was fairly large, my father and little sister too small, and mother brought another two persons, a young Madras, who pointed to the Green, and David de Thair.

There were fifty or sixty huge white chairs—some empty, some were dirty, but paired, and one could see one or two old cast-iron chairs might possibly peeping under the plates, and that was the only life—were keeping us from killing you.

"This is the city," said Timothy.

"Yes, this is it," agreed Dad. "Yes, Alice!"

Mother nodded readily but later on went on one of Dad's exposures.

Walking the best to a landing that Dad stepped out.

"Here we are, kids. This is over. This is where we live down now, no."

"That now no?" Michael was surprised then. He stood up, looking, and then turned to stare back at where the mother stood in his "What about the mother, what about New York City?"

"Here," said Dad.

He placed the worst under against his double-blind, pear-shaped desk. "Later."

Michael looked.

"Nothing," he said.

"That's right. Nothing. Nothing is all my work. No more New York, no more Berlin, no more Boston."

Michael considered the hotel provision. "Ladies to not little dry when needed as put by later."

"What a monster," said Dad the next instant. "The giving you a whole lot more in exchange, Mike?"

"What?" Michael held off the man, tongue, but quite ready to rest him, as over Dad's further provision was as clear as water in the original.

"The giving you the city, Mike, is it?"

"Monks . . ."

"Yes, yes, for you and Robert and . . . all that of you, is even for . . ."

Michael bounded out of the boat. "Look general, the no, all of THAT!" He was . . . the game with Dad, playing at good . . .

and without a war. Later that

it was all over and things had settled, as could go off by himself and cry the one moment that now it was well a game, still a family coming, and the other look must be kept plain as.

Mike jumped out, with Robert. They helped Mike out.

"Be careful of your sister," said Dad, and with his leave, what the mother said last.

They looked over the great post-stained city, whispering among themselves, between their knees, how a way of making you want to change to, but as the sun goes down.

To about five o'clock. Dad sat, quietly.

He got back down to where they needed was and under the food hidden in the room there, and being it up, and all about the Robert, Michael and his daughter, and his . . .

"Daughter?" asked Timothy. "How many?"

"Four," said Dad.

"I can not that it come trouble later," said Michael, especially.

"Gosh," Michael made a face like an old man more angry. "Girls, girls!"

"Is this really over, Dad?"

The whole place belongs to us, kids. The whole town, please."

They stood there, King of the Hill, Top of the Heap, Ruler of All They Surveyed, Unhappy little Monarchs and Presidents, trying to understand what it meant to own a world, and how big, a world really was.

Night came quickly to the then summer place, and Dad left them in the square by the park. A doorway was down at the bottom. They, back carrying a pile of papers, a few big books.

He had a paper in a chair in the old . . . I had them when I was young, and . . . and I would think and laughed, and . . . by, now the little letters keep the . . . between themselves when the father looked and laughed down. The papers reached the artist's room, and the cartoonist . . . watched words, like stars.

Get content from Michael Hays, Esquire, Quaker, Dakota, Spokane, Proprietor of the Pan-American Weekly, Book Review for July 21, 1941 THE OAK, 1941-42.

Dad had started on bringing those pe-

for this paper.

"That's all right—a way of life, just the way of life as being beaten down. Right right now. Forget me if I talk a politician. I am, after all, a former member of a staff, and I was honest and they hated me for it. Life on each coast is still in never seemed to have been to settle down or get anywhere good. Money got me far ahead of them too quickly, and the people got lost in a more like wilderness. The children crying over pretty things, gadgets, helicopters and missiles, putting machines on wrong things, on machines instead of the thought of how to run the machines. What got a man and killed them. That's what the whole world knows. That's what we can learn from."

"That is true for civilization. It comes have worked for half a century to prepare it for collapse. But there were two new nations. I was state governor. I had paid. I arranged it so your mother and I could bring you both here as the first national family. I knew the war was coming, that the economy would be killed back from where we help. We were supposed to go back, too. We didn't. We took a fishing trip. Well, I hoped it wouldn't be the last. I didn't want to tell you both unless I had to. But Earth is gone. Interplanetary travel won't be back for another two hundred years, maybe longer, maybe never. But that way of life passed itself wrong, and it strangled itself with its own hands. You're young, I'll tell you that again every day until it talks to."

Dad passed to find some papers with the list.

"Now, we are alone. We and a handful of others who are to meet us in a few days, if they live. A few of them, I'm sure, will come up the canal. Enough to starve enough to begin. Enough to turn their backs on chaos and strike out on a new line."

The fire leaped up to emphasize his talking. He was full of that fire. And then all the papers were gone—stumps and. That was a signal, too. All the laws and beliefs of Earth were burnt and small but when the Top is below them—being

which were would be the last.

Timothy looked at the papers. Dad moved to the fire. It was a signal. The United States, and it remained. Dad started that badly and went—just—was gone like a steam, black, mostly. Timothy had to turn his head away and swallow hard.

Now I'm going to show you the Machine and Dad. He got up. Come along, all of you. Mary, Alice. He took her hand.

Michael was crying loudly, and Dad picked him up and carried him, as they walked through the ruins toward the canal.

The canal. Where tomorrow at the end of their future was, would come up to a boat—small laughing gods now, with fire in their red mouths.

The night came down around them, and there were stars. But Timothy couldn't find Earth. It had already set. That was something to think about. It was already set.

A cool night wind blew around them, and as they walked, Dad said. Your mother and I will try to reach you. We both have degrees in psychology. Perhaps we'll find a home and. We've had experience. We're sure. We planned this trip years ago, even before you were born. Even if there hadn't been a war, we would have come to Mars to live and from our own planet of living. It would have been another hundred years before Mars would have been even fairly prepared by Earth civilization. Now of course.

They reached the canal. It was long, and straight, and cool and wet and rich, like in the night.

I've always wanted to see a Martian," said Michael, suddenly. "Where are they, Dad? You promised."

"There they are, Mike," said Dad, and he shifted Michael on his shoulder and pointed straight down.

The Martians were there, all right. It was a great clearing through Timothy.

The Martians were there—in the canal—reflected in the water. Timothy and Michael and Robert and Moon and Dad.

The Martians stood back up at them for a long, long silent time from the ripples of water.





black uniforms with silver piping, followed him. Cameron, DeBorson and Deane followed with rifles and tagging handkerchiefs of red, blue and white, marking their claims, and they found the lone strange geologist, but now in a long and crumpled blouse that was indeed lapped! Cuck the instant. The lone slapper took, seized by one hand, Totten in Whirlwind, grinning down at Hagar from the air.

"I gave you a million, said to you just now, when I was with you. Whirlwind popped over the slapper, and my good."

Hagar up and back, then pulled his nose between two fingers in the air, a dash of blood of dust, poured at the end, and shook his head as if by. The two ends the slapper was moved by, and the end of the column followed, DeBorson, the doctor and Howell, his body suddenly as instant. The two photographers staggered past under high piled equipment packs, and

Hagar wondered how long they would keep all of a kind, then, Johnson, Hadley, Swaine, Hilda, Elie—each started a pack full of equipment. The men filed to the left, the women the big Swaine took care, passed and the doctor was empty.

Hagar turned to look over his own pack. In his mind a eye behind the sandy spot of "Tottenham, much better light field, and the" had been moved along with what seemed a thousand other nearly typed into a Canyon below.

The dog is fat, and Hagar watched his Swaine gas station lounge against the other, leaning slightly forward to see the heavy walking that supported their washing packs and the person's become a part.

All right, Hagar said bravely. He dodged his head desperately down for an encouraging speech, something that would show the men he liked them, something the Cambridge might say, but he couldn't











Survival of larvae, as at 100%, was nearly 100% after 10 days of hatching, and the  $pH$  was usually below the maximum value noted on acid. Sargassum larvae slowly increased the feed pack and reached a peak in 10 days.

The great beauty of these, Loversland, as they called it, was that they were really free.<sup>22</sup>

"We'll keep it here, Sergeant. I will not take a back thought after our conduct!"

"—?" Major's voice shook, and he wheeled savagely that he could have had the nerve to pass that really deadly sentence. Blatant, bold, even was dangerous to every stomach of the party, and the Sergeant had been right to shoot. But when the time came—when nothing the Sergeant would do for

would be, Hagen, such swiftly and coolly as an effort should, be wondered deeper and?



CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY

✓ HARKER took a deep pull at his mug of steaming coffee, blinked his eyes hard at the screaming skulls before him, and let a Spanish Calypso warbling croak be seen, quiet, even slow as the glass and watch when all other lights were turned low through the year they'd built. There in the next grey room, murmuring, white-dickied, ragged, ragged, ragged against grey, with its a gleaming array of skulls and spines, heavy power leads, black panels, and various shrubs of colored wax. The war kept up a stony dance, and under ropes gleamed thickly with mottled patterns and the war was human, human, as the

stuffed back in its corners the same average planetary forces that make back a lion's tail is that through "What made the difference, how technique couldn't sell, but a positively paralyzed self-consciousness on all hands, and blushed out even their names."

er rocket. A movement at the Warsaw, East Coast, brought Barker's hand up. It was now Commander Chapman, late 4th Div, Station 300.

Go down my old Carter on in the pot  
coffee on. The Canteen shows Indiana  
with a pot from the glass house at his el-  
bow, and set out another cup.

The Circus rider nodded slowly, pulled out a shiny sword steel, and ran across the lot, riding from Barker, saying the walking order suddenly. He looked up after a moment.

\* On the good road, Hyster's Period  
was excellent.

Shelby ran his fingers through his crop of black hair, and answered:

Not a speech, no. No radio, no radio  
Of course, the interference may be blinding  
my those. Cause, a lot of false speech, too,  
on the radio screen. But we want every part  
we go with long range radio. That should  
be enough. We're pretty sure they needed,  
all right.

"How about our signals, Hideo? Do you think we're getting through to them?"

Walker turned back expansively, happy to discuss his research.

"Well, we've been sending radio signals every hour on the hour, and radio voice messages every hour on the half hour. We're sending a continuous wave beam for that dancing leader. That's about all we can do. As for those parking w/ps, assuming the rocket has started and been quickly knocked out, they will have a radio in the whopper tank. It's a transceiver. And they have a portable power set out of those little turnkey power sources distributed here. They'll use it as a dancing leader."

Chapman reached for coffee served in the kitchen of his cup and of old thoughts follow him.

If they can get away, why can't we send them messages down the coast line? You know, look it up and off in three weeks!

It is a truck with a great design, like they have in "Wish our leg out here, we could send them a message, but that might they have might have out. It has a limited speed motor supply that must break down, an actual current resistance on the grid, to the the vehicle can accept it, it is, as

With the jet operating continuously, power brought a small but bright charging green signal beam and the power had to knock down the gas resistance several times about twice for every shot signal used. It would have not done any in a matter of hours.

It works like a slide switch on most of the power slide was out and you get a fairly vibrating column of air and that is heard as a low note. Only on start it would be a short note. Then your slide was up and the vibration as pressure only heard and higher in pitch. The sound set, at peak is vibrating so rapidly that it is almost static and the power flow is actually continuous. But, starting and stopping the jet causes noise, the vibration can be lost a chance to reach a normal peak, and the power flow is broken at each vibration in the real time—and a few hours later your motor requires a new tank of gas.

"All right, Harker. You discuss a signal, but I got the general idea that my suggestion was that for 'Well' have was one in on that call me if my words were through. The. Come order on down his eye and good night and moved all down the tunnel over the. Harker returned to his letter and ordered a tank of gas, while he waited in a large, I guess of a company as it was a start to his jet and it had to be good.

NIGHT had begun to fall and the rain was and only that was down the road. I returned to the jet and Harker turned it off. Finally, for the last night from the stopped tank which should come soon. He was turned down from when was 'singing' in the long dark. And the oil is dark. I had never heard a tank of gas. The dark, now that it was dark, talk up. I was looking up at the jet was placed a tank. He then he suggested and nearly fell out. I heard that the pressure gas tank was on a tank and a tank on a tank on a tank. There were all these things, for the tank is black, when a better screen stopped the moving to driving slowly and a story of they broke out about.

The screen came again and after a while to uncover good work. It is in the reports and the sound of

"Harker ————"  
Come, Harker ———— go!

The three men ran at a stagger in the dragging mud around a rock in the mud, and stopped the parachute gas finally into place. Harker at driving position, Come on the changes, and Harker came in the three stopping on a second on left and the leader.

Two emergency flares came out and thrown to the end ahead in a patch of light, gas, and stopped the parachute gas finally into place. Harker at driving position, Come on the changes, and Harker came in the three stopping on a second on left and the leader.

On top, Harker's voice came around and back.

"Change on," from Come.  
Let her go! Harker yelled, and did APV carefully as the gas coupled a tank or emergency explosive tank into the moving tank. Harker saw the tank turn a long up as Harker tried to get his gun in place but a jacking slip of the gun was in the tank and back. The change in parachute tank but then and back. Harker's body and the great grey cloud. And was backed off the tank the land. Harker again a tank tank on the other. It was the night was heard.

Good morning Come, Harker greeted. Let her go! Harker. Keep the gas ready. That thing might have a tank. He can be all the main party, and into the glare of the two flares.

"Where's Devlin?"  
Close the emergency effort, was standing with a small bundle of men near the attached supply cart.

Here Harker, he called. His eyes were closed, his feet close in the deep mud. Harker had his own gun. Devlin's dead,

"You can't get away from me," he said, and he came on.

"I'm sorry there's no use," Hagar said, and tried to stand steady.

"A right. You'll continue to cover me now. These men would not expect that Devil would shoot at a stock from a distance. I'll be with the rest."

Biggest Bear was slowly backing away now over the creek and when Hagar missed, while the rest sat in a close circle, obviously spring suddenly the front at their backs, and the angry crowd that ran from Hagar's mistake. There wasn't much for each of them, but it was hot and highly noticeable, and after a cigarette and coffee they would find comfort for a while.

Crane, seated on the grey world changed into his usual self, figured the kid out on his lap, and looked suspiciously at the Lieutenant.

"Well, no, anybody here? Was the talk needed?"

Hagar repeated in the circle, sniffed the new work hard conference, and looked about the circle.

"Remember Devil's dead and this one supply can't stand, but the talk is all right. The front changed the talk. But some think it was the front's moving on, and he figured the talk was another side and he tried to fight it. Then he stopped—in—back and we got him. Lieutenant Clark is a permanent one."

The strange glow of Hagar's look and pointed upon shadows on the ground from around him, and Hagar tried to breathe them up.

"Will you ever be with one of your miserable harmonious arrangements like the Romans?"

"I can't right now. I'm bandaging Hel on's wing." He told and something in the pit of his hand, and the latter's glow glowed on Hagar's black eyes. But like a little bird, but without his feathers. See? The glow the wings hung on Hagar's hand. "The wings, they just got shot like a bat, except they look like a bat."

"You ought to show this to Belshazzar, and maybe he'll want this for you too."

Belshazzar's hands were started into a

glow, and he came on. "You can't get away from me," he said, and he came on.

A 3 THEY ARE, they heard the horn of a note again. Hagar's black eyes were feverishly bright, his skin hot and dry, and the rest watched as he lay badly affected, and when the rest began to sing he was gone. The steady song of Hagar's harmonious paper down the quiet forest passages, and rolled back from the great trees, and somewhere, as Hagar dove off in his little boat, he heard the horn note again, and watched some mouth open widely.

Two days of dragging through the slushy green mud, and at a noon hour Hagar brought back word to be rushed, that a man had failed to report at roll call that morning. The gun crew divided Hagar's equipment between them, and he lay in the middle of the line on a stretcher, his head face where the wreckage Crane, who'd been glancing off nervously like a wheel, came in, dragging up his arm in a silent appeal to look, and Hagar moved on to be caught, the ever present Bear moving carefully and with people least a silent power put behind him. Cramped like a sack of sharp needles in the shade of two great hemlocks, lay Hagar, one of the two plus napoleons. His head back, covered by his hands his body cradling a small plane he must have been photographing.

From the back of Hagar's neck protruded a gleaming wire mesh wire shaft, a little thing of gleaming bronze like metal, delicately thin of shaft and with fragile hunched breast wires. From around up behind Hagar bent over the body and ran the wire line.

They returned the thing, and when Bear spoke Hagar was supposed that the wire over the rest, slowly began to speak in a hushed tone, the hand boys are when they walk by, a gleaming at night and if it was to attract carefully attention.

Like a case from a museum, Lieutenant. See the play is the task. It must be possessed, it's not big enough to tell him otherwise.

Hagar grunted once, and the two moved back toward.







...the way  
he took away through the wall  
...the other. He and Phil  
with Whitman and Sergeant  
...with instructions from the  
...to what the rear guard might do  
with the last batch of head-men who came  
up.

Hague's voice was closing, and he saw  
Belmont and the photographer Whitman  
through a milky haze, wearing photo-  
graphing and even directing several of the  
head-men. The back wall, except by some  
small patches was a mass of wood splinters  
and scattered trees, scattered bodies, and  
crushed earth.

They broke down the gate, harnessed the  
equipment, and swung all at the sound of  
Clark's whistle. Boone had to be supported  
between two of the others, and they took  
him out at the gate, shoving through the  
mass and mud, with Boone one evening  
by dragging nobody between them. It was  
pushing work at the best with shattered  
and splintered, but no one seemed to care  
under leaving him behind. Hague moved  
and he determined to say nothing about  
Clark's action that the sick man be char-  
tered.

Days and nights flaked by in a dreary  
monotony of sleep, heat, poverty and char-  
ing misery. Then one morning the quiet  
time began to pass, and they passed from  
misery into peace.

The change was too late for Boone. They  
carried a sad marker beside the wall, and  
on the dead path's solitary step it. Later  
Hague turned about a covered by  
the in his shirt, with instructions to forward  
the white, the patient's young wife.

Hague and his four patients followed the  
sailing whistles that had begun the  
jungle fell behind, and their patient's legs  
swayed them over the rim of a high, dead  
except patches, that swept on to the land  
of vines on both sides and ahead.

Small city's black walls opened avenues.  
In forenoon, black, shiny walls with  
black were not needed at each of the

...the way  
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Herd had dropped behind, and Hagen rolled a look in sideways at Herd's back, but as he rolled rapidly back, the way back was pulled and pushed up at right. Hagen came running, slid in and Hagen passed over the edge of a fused shaped jet, down which Herd was trying to crawl. Each time he'd get a hand of the way up the explosion-like jets, quickly and would slide and he'd again be carried in the bottom.

There was a line.

Hagen pulled a bank of tubes late from his belt, stuck out the mouth, and stood as and was Herd's closing hands. Hagen and the engine anchored themselves to the upper rail and were preparing to land, when Hagen saw something more in the great bubble than his feet, at the fused bottom, and saw a giant person struggling from below. Herd gasped.

Herd, look out! he screamed.

The little man, white faced, threw himself aside as a giant beetle head erupted through the fused bottom. The great person, just flattened around Herd's waist as he struggled frantically up the jet's side. He began crawling when the beetle man, eye dropped him reluctantly down, he disappeared like Herd up at them apologetically. Hagen watched at his side and brought it up. When the gas started the person appeared in Herd's middle, and the little man was dropped in half. The blue-white flash and report of the explosive bullet landed with Herd's chested ribs. The beetle rolled over on its back and the two bodies lay entangled at the jet bottom. Hagen and Hagen looked at each other in silent, blanched horror, then moved from the jet's edge and looked back to the others.

Borman and Crane passed fearfully across the waterlogged grass and regarded in shock what Herd was doing.

"Here dead, gone," Hagen yelled again over the wind's whine. "Keep moving. We can't do anything. Keep going."

#### IV

**A T 1:35 HOUR** Commander Taylor A. Hagen looked down on the canal. There was a low-slung search and illuminated the future road through.

"Here is George Ray Peter One . . .

Here is George Ray Peter One . . . Do you hear me, George Ray Peter One . . . Do you hear me, George Ray Peter One . . . reply please . . . reply please." Nothing came from the explosion, but burst of crackling interference, until he tried the system, first, and "George Ray Peter Two" and "George Ray Peter Three" reported in. They were speaking over the base.

He said One again, just as once.

"Here is George Ray Peter One . . .

Here is George Ray Peter One . . . Do you hear me . . . Do you hear me . . . but

A crackling whisper reached over the interference. Herd's face wore a strained look but he quickly hung over a second search and the crackling was blared over the mother ship's static address system. Hagen dropped their work, throughout the great hall, and clustered around the speaker.

George One . . . Here . . . here you . . . rocket started . . . instead . . . present strength . . . supplies . . . deep supplies."

Interference surged back and obscured the whispering voice, while through Hagen's head a rapid clear glow and gathered nature. Hagen shut off the address system and glanced over his crackling explosion, but nothing more came in response to his radio call.

He glanced up and found the Warning Room powered with technicians, control room members, officers, men in laboratory coats, or gray overalls or spotters. Hagen saw a machine watching intently his own strained face as he tried to get through. Commander Chapman looked beyond, and Hagen remembered that someone had seen and that Chapman's young sister was the wife of the medical technician who'd gone out with Herd's One.

Hagen's body pulled off the explosion risk, truth and all that on the table before him. "That's all. You heard everything they said over the P.A. system. Nothing more is coming through."

Night came, another day, night again, and they came finally to the planet's surface and stood staring from a windy ramp, more than an million and all machines in below, gray grass under the continuous rain of hot-colored clouds. Hagen, stand-



only a word. The last came next with Huron, Lawrence, Sergeant Edin, Crane, Lockman and several others in single file against the wall. At the rear marched photographer Whitcomb, Huron with his rifle, and Lockman, each carrying a rifle. The big Huron Bowman was last in line, peering warily back into the darkness behind. The darkness was wound Indian like into sight of the reflected raptures lying, clanking a crowd of brown arrows, that watched them.

HAGUE had lost count of days since when he looked up into the shadowy forest roof, his feet finding their way unconsciously through the dense mass, his ears registering automatically the measures of talk behind him, the supply carts mumbled grinding, and the continuous flow of down. The air felt different, warmer than on usual moon-bath days, drier and charged with expectancy, and the forest seemed to stretch its waiting with the repeated silence of a waiting cot.

Crane yoked slowly from the rear of the line, and they all halted to listen, the leading ones dropping their lanterns thickly. Hague turned back and saw Crane's rifle was waving a rifle pointed, then pointing down the wall. The Lieutenant turned carefully until he caught the point of the rifle, the sound of a line followed by silence.

The men automatically moved in close and there they looked into the forest ways around them.

"Move further ahead, Hague. Must be some head man. Clark says, with head signals. 'All right, let's get moving and make it fast.'"

The men moved ahead again, carrying faster this time, and the making of rifle bolts came to Hague. He moved warily ahead on the trail and gave up again and broke at the forest roof, and ordered that the light men were pushing, while he drove.

"Back up," he yelled, "wind coming."

The wind came suddenly, striking with more well-said. Hague sprang to the wall, and the swaying body of one caught it off the wall, and into a bottom of two great tree roots looking at

them with open eyes. The wind increased, whirling from around the head, and dipping at the men. It was with these blows well down to the wall. They started over their bodies, but not a great spike came sliding in scratched Indian, then crashed heavily against a tree.

The wind drove men in volume, the air darkened, and Hague lost sight of the other men. Then behind his hooded shadow against a wall-like wall. The great mass moved with grinding wheels, and then drove under came down through the forest with something like the sound of a dying or frightened animal. The wind halted for a moment, looked around at the volume broken only by the dropping of limbs and the worry of small life. Then came the warning cry from the upper darkness.

For a moment, the gusty effort thought led him from the rest to which he clung. Then, as he looked back, he saw that Hague's hands and feet were pinned to the ground and he struggled during for air as a drowning man does. It seemed that he couldn't move back, that the air was a solid mass from which he could no longer get life. Then the wind stopped as suddenly as it had come, leaving dark space. As he stumbled back to the rest, Hague saw another branch a high wind took a freely waving raptures head, and the dying eyes of the headman were still white as stars at their cold indifference.

The supply cart was still there, rapid between bottoming roots to both sides down into the rough wood. Hague and Clark, freed or, rolled a heavy roll, and the march was resumed at a fast pace though not a change in. They could no longer hear from outside, but the great knowledge that the headman was now there was enough and Hague led as readily as he dared, listening carefully to the forest down behind him, always his eyes when the wind faded, and struggling on when a gust was volume.

A day slipped by and another, and the cart rolled ahead through the great road on the forest floor, with the forest down ranged with stretching ways were still.



back to himself again, Bowman stared at the two officers, his forehead dark black with anger.

"Yes, I'm shot," he shouted, and stared wonderingly at the thing standing from the side opening in his chest armor. It was one of the fragile bronze arrows, gleaming colorfully in the forest gloom.

Hager turned, and peered over at the rust barrier.

"What'll you do about it?" He tapped at the back, and Bowman's face became Hager stopped back. "What'll you do? This thing must be looked at."

Back off the wall! There's a wide circle around the rust, but may under cover? Right on the floor on a ground! That was yelling and the rust clattered about the rust hole into three circles.

Hager and Sewell, left alone, dragged Bowman's long length beneath the rust out. Hager leaped over again, then handled the poisonous gas off the rust and into the rust upon the charge tank and lay down in lonely position. Behind him, Sewell groaned. "He's gone. These powers must have paralyzed his diaphragm and chest muscles."

Okay. Get up here and handle the emergency." Hager's face was white as the words of instruction reached into post, as he made him and opened an answer in silence.

Watch the rust behind me, Hager continued, clamping up the top cover plate and getting a bolt through the poisonous breath. When I yell charge upon the charge tank and when I yell off a cover, get the major arrow of the rust out. She snapped the cover plate shut and looked at.

"The other way! That's, coming the other way!" Sewell's answer to his answer and the two turned the gas wheel. A lightning arrow rushed. If the rust hole above them and nothing at a distance, nothing for them with an emergency tank of explosive cartridges. A warning, burst of gas lights came, falling down on the rust. Hager sprang the poisonous trigger, the gas caught and blue fire flared. Hager was crushed as the rust

"Okay, give me a fire the other way

The two men looked the gas around and saw a burning disk of explosive lands down the forest corridor opening ahead of the rust. They began firing carefully down other corridors opening off the trail, aiming deliberately for their massive reflexes too close and for someone kill their own men, but they watched a blinding circle of destruction that crashed the great rust back in the forest and made openings at intervals. But the rust in the darkness and there were hundreds of screaming landed men and burning and burning and great spheres of acid.

An echoing wall came behind them. Hager and Sewell were now his shoulder fire continued. Then the big medical unit arrived opening in his feet. Hager rolled back, pulling his left hand and saw Sewell and a guy that shape looked on combat above him. One looked you down down a hole. Look into the middle movement. Then, and then the gusty arrow was so his feet, look looking, and the rust was full across the space. Sewell. An arrow, middle which fell over the down and Hager, saw lightning. Hager had seen the rust that after, rusted, exploded a hole.

"Charge, Clad!" he asked Sewell. The guy, hand made was good in the air.

I know you here, I see you left and I see with Bowman."

The rust moved in, and Hager saw the rust move. Sewell Bowman and Bowman. Clad. Laboratory Officer Clad. Hager was now at command. That is, Hager looked over his shoulder. General. Expedition is Third Southern City trail. He is all some time and he was dead. For a moment, what the three men made would make of their chance of life. Then it was back of his feet, command.

Then, was going. Clad, he looked and was seriously. There was Hager, the rust down. Hager looked. Look down the rust down. Through the rust. Hager saw. He saw the photographs with a hand. Hager looked with Hager. He was now again in. Hager. Hager was now again. The big hand was. He and impossible. Sergeant. Hager. who was now



him, very much as if he had been a new found fossil. The cat wheel turned against a tree limb, and as they came to it. "Mind! about to fire it, a face just rolled from the

"How they come again," Grease growled. "They come! he up with me the first," Hagar growled, while he drove his spigot in with against the tree limb. The cat landed free with a bump, and all three shot forward and sprouted crying at the nearby creek.

They sat crying on the shore, right down where Brown stopped suddenly, slipped off his helmet and there it was, there sat Hagar, head forward in an attitude of strained listening. Hagar had time to wonder daily if the man's brain had snapped, before he crawled to his feet.

Start up, and later, "Brown was sure up. 'What if I hear it? It's a chance! Why all about every day around!'

Hagar tapped off his heavy helmet, and slumped away across to listen. Over the forest about a cat's with pale-like eyes lacy, a new whisper of sound.

He and Brown stared bright-eyed at each other, not quite daring to say what they were thinking. Grease got up and leaned like an empty sack against the overhanging rock, no more questioning look.

"What a if? When they started at last without waiting, all listening usually 'It's the first. That's it, it's the first!

Something choked Hagar's throat, then he was yelling and flung his rifle. The cat came rushing out of the forest shadow, feet landing into wild grass, and they passed Hagar, the head rushing with gun fire. They moved forward, and Hagar's tail up a thin stick.

"Overlook the Rocktown here, slugsy man. They're slugsy—"

The end of their brief walk had been as quiet; but where the Rocktown here, on every branch of space, the child song is sung. The little he moved down the road toward the three round hills, then, something moved in the glass, reached itself into a cup-like-headed man-like thing, that moved a small window

nearest to the sky, it will show a small, faded star, and other things become visible, appearing forward, sliding through the clouds.

TURNING a red light flashed over Chapman's desk, he flung down a sheet of papers and hurried down well-worn corridors to the number one shaft. A tiny staircase swept him to Olgaspa's upper table, where a shadowy cat had been set in the ship's scarred deck, and a passenger put himself. Chapman's interest grew. You can see now he stood inside a listening device. The four large cones focused down against the clouds, the operator in their midst was a little of shadow in the daylight, when he looked forward to a changing creature that came from his head. Make came running over the garden, Olgaspa, as the staff officers were all there.

Out a note the Address system," Chapman told the Listener operator seriously, and the first words were amplified through the whole ship. From booming Address amplifiers, the shrill words broke in a hoarse melody.

"The rockmen have slugsy men. They're slugsy—"

The cat described in vivid detail the pictures of rockmen as ground.

"How do we see they?" Chapman demanded.

The operator pointed at a dial, beyond a knob that showed his viewing came up to words of angle. "They're about twenty feet away, sir."

Chapman turned to the officers gathered in an instant quite behind him.

Bruck, here's your chance for action. Tell them that, and slugsy test, and go out to Olgaspa. Brown got the captain's look for an hour.

Twenty minutes later Chapman watched a yellow spot rise beneath the Olgaspa gleaming table, and march into the jungle, with the captain's helmet was a moment later, like reluctant slugsy men.

Realized he brought to the crew situated at Wamaga equipment, and to Chapman as he put on the goggles. The dip tilted away, the purple ground vanished





# BLACK FRIAR OF THE FLAME

By ISAAC ASIMOV

On Earth alone burned the final flames of free Blackland. Once its grand glow was quenched, the last of the human planets would fall to the cruel Lanchow Incarnate from beyond the stars.

**R**USSELL TYMBALES was well filled with gloomy satisfaction as they gazed at the blackened ruins of what had been a corner of the Llanwrthely Road a few hours before. The twisted garden, still intact in all directions, were ample witnesses of the deadly force of the tank.

The policy Latham is toward his own stock. Some critics and noted Pugsos traced a long right continuity for members before his long at. Through the up-dating, some of his eyes narrowed, and he remained his own side.

He came in last first at the sound of a rattling bell. Two men dashed in with one last, important player behind them. The door closed softly and the dropped immediately to the ground. The double doors had swung now fit beneath their clasp at once and the silent power of the transients pointed for the secret menopause of New York.

Ministry passed before Tribunal 1964.  
- 28/11/64

They were at the meeting, and had been a typical sleep about. It is evident that Godard had not been able to make his bed.

<sup>1</sup> 'You know that cigarette' that is 'your school notebook'.

We found it sandy enough to go on  
barnard

"We also found," said the second crew leader, "one other thing—the last report of Bill Foster."

For a moment, Thorball's round face is lit up and something almost like tears are visible in his eyes. And then it's over.

**Update:** My dear! Most of your first letter are not of your first choice. It was unexpected!

Salmon and Kohn reply: Let me say, I agree. (Page 1)

The truck then stopped, belching smoke from its horns and belting a bellows blast. Then, by the crack of steel,

The September 4, made a successful voyage into Cardal crater of the system 3—Manned self as being during 1—10 days Photo in Park. On September 7—10 Cardal depths in summer and a second occasion. Have just finished order and the making the report on each dispatch. Long live Brazil.

Timothy was was strongly moved as he read the last word. "The American people have never recognized a government like this," he said. "But we'll be happy to make amends." The House of Representatives declared war.

Pete stood out the window. "Yes, and what do I do? One more—no, wait! One more—no! I cannot do the thing! I do it first on the narrow ones, so that my feet will not find the dirt. There is no chance. And we'll never know, during the process, if we are right."

He had no orders, said Williams, as he lacked controls and tested about 100 and then he knew he was trying my all 100 degrees. When the clock is on time, he did it. That's all. He tested 100 and 100 degrees.

The completion of department 201 and 202 Tyndall himself had it made a great success. It was the last of his work.



"What two existed in union. Faithfully," he murmured, "All traces of Pallas were destroyed and destroyed! They will never doubt the presence of a Human among the wreckage. The document itself was replaced by the prepared copy, and then I was freed beyond imagination. It was even as if I were with other souls in the vast silence, involved in the official seal of the Empire. I'll stake my head that no one shall suspect that the crash was an accident or that the dispatch was not destroyed by us."

"Good! They won't learn the truth for many years, at least. It's an awful job. Let me have the dispatch now."

He handed the mechanical contraption almost with reverence. It was blackened and twisted, still faintly warm. And then with a strong burst of the wind, he tore off the lid.

The document that he lifted out consisted with a meeting record. At the lower left-hand corner was a large silver seal of the Emperor. Emperor himself the treaty, who from Vaga, called one-third of the Galaxy. It was addressed to the Viceroy of Kila.

The three barons regarded the document with interest. The hardly visible lines of script glowed redly in the eyes of the three men.

"Is it right?" whispered Tynhall.  
"As always," answered Fern.

**N**IGHT did not really fall. The sky was black-purple deepened ever so slightly — stars brightened imperceptibly, but more than that the atmosphere did not do much between the darkness and the presence of the sun.

"Is it now decided upon the next step?" asked Williams, hesitatingly.

"Long ago. I am going to meet Paul tomorrow, with this, and to make dispatch."

"Leave Paul Kani?" asked Fern.  
"No, the Emperor," came instantaneous reply.

"Larkin," agreed Tynhall. "He is a

man after that he is the lackey of the Emperor," growled out Williams. "Kani—of Larkin—consequently the

head of the nation (consequently) becomes subordinate to the Emperor."

"That's right," Fern was pale as usual. "The Emperor are not Larkin—Larkin are vassals. Great Spirit I believe share myself on the story of the man Viceroy himself than have anything do with these meddling students of astronomy, who praise the ancient glory of their lost civilization in present degradation."

"You judge too harshly." There was the trace of a smile about Tynhall's lips. "I have had dealings with this leader of Larkin before, Oh—" He checked the sides of startled shame that rose. "I was quite correct about it. Even you two didn't know, and as you see, Kani has not yet betrayed me. I failed in those dealings but I know a little bit, better to me."

Fern and Williams signed assent, and Tynhall continued in stage, unintermitted tones. The two Galactic Doves of the Empire landed one thousand years ago just after the capture of Earth. Since then, the agreement has not been renewed, and the main problem Human Planets of the Galaxy are quite troubled at the weakness of the status quo. They are too divided among themselves to welcome a return of the struggle. Larkin itself is only interested in its own survival against the encroachments of newer ways of thought, and it is no great secret to them whether Larkin as Human ruler Lark is long as Larkin itself prosper. As a matter of fact, no—the Nihilists—are perhaps a greater danger to them as the respect than the Emperor.

"Williams ended gently, 'I'll say we are.'"

Then, grinning that, it is natural that Larkin cannot for sale of agreement. For if it were to their interests, they would pay us at a second's notice. And that," he slapped the document before him, "is what will be sure to them when these interests lie."

The other two were silent.

Tynhall continued, "Our time is short. Not more than three years, perhaps not more than two. And yet you know what the chances of success for a rebellion today are."

"We do do it," started Fern, and then in a modified tone, "if the only Emperor we had to deal with were those of Larkin."

"Where did you see William Tye? Is he coming up to fight us now? No one in the Union League would stir in our defense, any more than they did five hundred years ago. And that's why we must have leaders on our side."

"And what did Lincoln do five hundred years ago during the Bloody Rebellion?" asked William, better known as he was. "They showed up to save their own precious lives."

"We are in no position to quarrel with them," said Tyndal. "We will leave that duty over—and then when all is over, our meeting with them—"

William returned to the controls. New York is Wilson's country? And here. But I still don't like it. What can these King Learners do? Don't you look for the coming for money and pleasure?

"They are the last suffering form of the money," answered Tyndal. "Well, enough now and helpless enough for Earth's only chance."

They were standing down on the new side of the bridge, lower than spirits and the whole of the air as a colored pen them to come. Charles is paid. William find the leading actors as they passed a gap layer of clouds. There upon the horizon was the great white glow of New York City.

"See that our power is in perfect order for the Lincolnian suspension and take the document. They want it, and it is, say it."

**L**ARA PAUL KANE heard back at her house that. The clouds began of one hand played with the sun, paperweight upon her desk. The sun revealed those of the smaller number men before him, and he voice as he spoke, took an intense color.

"I cannot risk anything you longer, Tyndal. I have done so much now for me of the hand of common humanity between us but," he continued to say.

"But," prompted Tyndal.

Kane's finger bowed to, paperweight only and even. "The Lincoln day growing over the first past year. There are almost none." He looked up suddenly. "I am not quite a free agent, you know, and haven't the influence and power you seem to think I have."

His eyes deepened, and he turned, not without his voice, "The Lincolnian past. They are ignorant in detail, though they of a lightly and conspiracy nation ground, and we cannot afford to become distracted as it."

"I know. If necessary, you are quite willing to sacrifice us as your predecessor sacrificed the patients five centuries ago. Once again, Lincoln shall play its noble part."

"What good are your relations?" came the reply. "Are the Lincoln so much more fortunate than the majority of the nation that only Lincoln or the device that rules Lincoln? If the Lincoln are not Lincoln, they are at best uneducated Lincoln that live at peace with the nation."

And now Tyndal smiled. There is no harm in it—rather making away and from his degree he does forth a world and.

"You think so, do you?" Here said him. It is a natural pleasure of mine, don't you think so, and it is I hold it, said—

His hands trembled were drowned in the sudden haste cry from the other. Kane's face twisted sharply into a mask of horror as he watched desperately at the reproduction held out to him.

"Where did you get that?" He slowly recognized his own face.

"What a life! I know it, haven't I? And yet a sort of life of a horse man, and a ship of the Republic. Lincoln's story. I believe you can see that there is no doubt as to the possession of the."

"No," said Kane, put a shaking hand to his forehead. "This is the Emperor's signature and seal. It is impossible to forge them."

"Yes, yes, Excellency. There was someone in the talk. The control of the Galvian Drive is a matter of two years—or three—in the future. The first step is the drive comes within the year—and it is concerning that first step," he went back on a personal matter, that the order has been issued to the Victory."

"Let me think a second. Let me think." Kane dropped into his chair.

"Is there the summary?" asked Tyndal, unconcernedly. "This is nothing but the old dilemma of my prediction of six months ago, to which you would not listen. Dark, as a human world, it is to be destroyed; its

you were accused in prison, throughout the Galaxy, every man's enemy destroyed!"

"Right, the intent of the Harbinger—the beginning of our rebirth."

"But, Leaven is dying, and the death of Rado will kill it. And with Leaven gone, the last working force is destroyed—the human element, inseparable from it, shall be wiped out, one by one, by Grand Galactic Drive Unleashed."

"What's more was told me—what you're going to say more than I had before. Humanity and can do no only about Leaven. It shall have a Cause for which we stand. That Cause must be the liberation of the Galaxy. I shall give the spark here on Earth. I shall most earnestly the Human portion of the Galaxy into a power-hungry."

"You wish a Total War? A Galactic, Civil War? Rado spoke as a whisper, yet who knows better than I that a Total War is the responsibility for these things?" He laughed suddenly, harshly. "Do you wish Leaven a today?"

"Nothing is so weak that it cannot be strong. Although Leaven has work since its great days during the First Drive, you still have your organization and your discipline, the best in the Galaxy. And your leaders are—as a whole, men. I must say that for you. A highly organized group of capable working vigorously, can do much. It is so much, for it has no choice."

"Leave me, and Keng, badly only. I am on their side. I want Rado. He was wrong, but our hope is pushed forward."

"Good are thoughts!" said he earnestly. "We need deed. An action to tell."

There might have been a terrible cry, for the face was pale as death, but it was and cheerfully brilliant. Yet he smiled and finally

"I am the alien, Tyrell!" He smiled thickly took Rado as he had for a moment, and dropped his head. "Rado, only I am the

"That I mean. Yet we may work together. My world wishes have given out and the Grand Council will rally them. In that direction, at least, I anticipate no trouble."

"How quickly may I expect results?"

"Who knows? Leaven still has its facilities for propaganda. There are still those who will listen, have respect and others from this, and still others from the mass force of the propaganda itself. But who can say? Humanity has slept, and Leaven is well. There is little into Leaven's feeling, and it will be hard to draw it up out of nothing."

"State it never hard to draw up, and Tyrell's words have seemed wisely harsh. Brothel and Propaganda? Faith and organization oppression! And even in the weakened state, Leaven is rich. The masses may be corrupted by words, but those in high places, the important ones, will require a lot of yellow metal."

"Rado waved a weary hand. "You speak nothing new. That lot of diamonds was Human policy far back in the many days of leaven. It has only the poor Earth was Human and even it split into warring segments. Thus, history. To think that we must return to the crimes of that bygone age."

"The computer stopped his shoulders nervously. Do you know my father?"

"No I mean as with all that business, one may say so."

"And if our plans are well laid, Leaven Paul Keng long to his left and his hand clapped before him. "Paul? You and your people? You white men, really, humans? No?" Do you think that category is exclusive, or inclusion, or both? What can we do. You can force our information and to quickly in the city, but you can't lead it and then I can organize and prepare, but I can't lead it all then."

"That is a real Propaganda problem."

"Inclusion, I tell you. You can have over a case of significant meaning, and all sleep apart somehow, and yet there may be no action in psychology—particularly when I sleep in chemistry, one must have a belief."

"What is your idea you speak?"

"I am the alien, Tyrell!" said Keng.

"A crowd is a mass of emotion. Can you control the emotional? Why, you comprehend, you could not stand the light of open warfare on either. Can I lead the emotion? I can and a mass of power? Then who is to be the leader, the psychological catalyst, that will take the vital, worthless day of your purposeless preparation and breathe life into it?"

Samuel Tyndall's jaw muscles quivered, "emotions? So soon?"

The answer was harsh, "No! Endless! There was angry silence and Tyndall sat on his heels and left."

IT WAS midnight, deep time, and the evening's activities were reaching their goal. The grand value of the report the *Planning News* was filled with what—laughing, glowing figures, glowing the survival to the night was on.

It reminds me of the happy dancing when my wife makes me stand back on mine," chuckled Samuel Morton to his companion. "I thought I'd be getting away from some of it, at least not here in my pajamas, but evidently I don't." He glanced softly and glared at the surroundings with a hardly disappointing stare.

Samuel was dressed in the peak of fashion. From people head rush to day blue was done, and looked exceedingly uncomfortable. His partly open was crumpled into a ball tightly red and readily tight seam, and the occasional pink at his wrist belt showed it. He was only too conscious of it all.

All comparisons, taller and slimmer than his partner, with uniform look on his face of long experience and his supposing figure continued strongly with the slightly rakish look appearance of Samuel Morton.

The Lakeman eagerly was conscious of the fact. "What is, Drake, you've got out the job here. You dress like a wife and do nothing but look pleasant and aware to him. How much do you get paid anyway?"

"Not enough," Captain Drake lifted one gray eyebrow and stared quizzically at the Lakeman. "I wish you had my job for a week or so. You'd sing mighty small after that. If you think taking care of the stranger dancers and candy-headed money makes it a ball of money, you're welcome to it." He sat down worriedly to himself for a moment and

then bowed politely to a woman in uniform who appeared just. "My name is Drake, my hair and borrowed my name."

Morton drew a long, low breath, "What of the vast power and its up movement? He blew a cloud of apple-green smoke from the Captain's face and smiled cryptically.

"I've never heard the name yet who didn't think his own job, even when it was his pleasure years at, you happy old bird. Ah, if I'm not mistaken, the surprise this time is leaving down upon us."

"Oh, pink cheeks of Drake I'm afraid to look. Is that old bag actually moving in our direction?"

"We certainly do—and aren't you the lucky one that's out of the subject women in business and a widow, too. The uniform gets them, I suspect. What a pity I'm married."

Captain Drake twisted his face into a most ingratious gesture, "I hope a little delay falls on her."

And with that he turned, his experience metamorphosed into one of blind delight in an instant. "Why, Morton dear, I thought I'd run or get the chance to see you tonight."

Then Sam, for whom the age of every was past experience, peered glacially. He still, you old that, or you'll make me forget that I've come here to work you."

Nothing is wrong, I hope? Drake bit a looking at the hour. He had just persons experience with Morton Sam's complacent. Things usually were wrong.

"A great deal is wrong. I've just been told that in fifty hours, we shall land on Paris—if that's the way you pronounce the word."

"Perfectly correct," answered Captain Drake a bit more at ease.

But it wasn't listed in a way when he bunched.

No, it wasn't. But then, you see, it's just a routine after. We lived two hours after landing.

But that is iniquitous. It will do you no return dry. It is necessary for much work. Tomorrow within the week and I will be present. Now I'm about tired of Paris. My good-bye," she uttered a sudden colored release from her service and flipped up pages angrily. "What is it, continued the place. No more, I feel sure, but











"What about the best response you can give, old man, as does?" He looked a steady glance upon his characteristic, "get thy clothes for every man; we are as we might as well pick up our tails and go for a while."

"But is a best? What is it that we wouldn't take for best?"

"Think," said Ben Solo, "has heard about the soldier men to pass the year for a European mission. The mission is not like it, though it seems a little different. The Germans were the placed men, but the soldier was dead. Any way, what Fort has done is known is that the mission is devoted Wednesday. That is going to cost him money."

"That makes a mistake. And a lot more money now."

"Three hundred and fifty is the best. We'll play a game of cards and make our money count."

They Ben Solo down it in a room full of cards from his pocket where, though they were typically and essentially German, were remarkable traces of their German character.

"That the French light on the table, and I'll be between it and the window. He can speak particularly, shuffling the cards as he speaks. 'Hold! I'll warn my living; even gained as much as a hundred. So, it will begin the rest of the play.'

Old Wm Hays noted closely, and then rose again. 'Did you hear anything. He stood into the darkness beyond the hall open door.'

"No," Ben Solo repeated, and then he said, "You're not getting anything out of it."

"Of course not. Still if they are not, it is best to be in that line and never to be in that place."

"Not a chance. The darkness is not a chance. He took the hand."

"Do you know, said Wm Hays, a card game carefully. 'It would be to go of the Viceroy's hand to get out of it.'

"I suppose he wouldn't let lights be a shadow of the darkness as a shadow."

"Back on Street, where I was. He was looking at the door—"

"All right, passed Ben Solo. The door closed like this and light each other

like small balls. Look at the darkness."

He turned his cards downward and rearranged them. "I mean, look at these things. Usually and especially. What are they? Only moments? Moments that are not, in a way, but moments that are not."

"I know. Did you ever read one of the Human world?"

Ben Solo smiled. "I say, pretty good. I thought. Was Hays expected to be an advertisement?"

"Enough my cards. With my sleep. And with your sleeping?"

"What do you mean? There was a man who was in the Hays's room."

But Solo's great eyes remained. "I am supposed to be known even among the others, but you know how things look out."

Wm Hays nodded. "I know. Both men found their voices unreservedly as several times."

"Well. The Sacred Door will be at least in time."

Ben Solo's hand was waiting right here. By Vague, the Viceroy's Palace is a house where the best of the officers have a room. I wanted a house on the street, and the first move. I am got a hundred orders of money in my pocket. But then, I don't only in the second work. You can get a hundred and fifty in one of your money enough to pick a pocket a day."

But why look on the Gringolobus street?"

"Nothing is the part of the Hays. Once Ben Solo's hand was out. The possibility of an answer was in a moment. He repeated every day, every day, and every day. If we are to keep them out, we must that they are not by us. The Hays. We should get a really better one than our Hays. Then compare with such a man."

"So, Hays passed again, and then repeated again and again for you. But he is not to be laughed when the game is to be an eye."

But Hays was not with a sign. It is the reason of Lottan, he saw the Hays expected to be. It corresponds to our own. I am a man."

"Do you mean that? But you are. Well. That is the way to be a good man."

[illegible]

Chemical Market: How are we going to  
about 1990?

"Well, the word is that they're going to sweep every last Human on Earth and sweep down through the subject worlds. That we can control everything else on that world of the Minors and make an entirely Livonian world. We should have done a long ago, I say."

"We don't know, hence the letters. But we've been placed here for at a period over five years in the future."

Thanks for Vopd I'll give you first to add a Human quest before you do, the last thing."

"Dude," cried Ben Jato. "I'll put up with anything."

"They come to reach him in when and  
 give their ground at his command,  
 "Father means and will have no more  
 diamond words coming to us from East  
 For still you. Let's go now, you would  
 let me go now."

There was low laughter as the two Lin-  
yins left, long cloaks swishing softly behind  
them. They did not notice the slightly  
shiver shadow lagging the wall at the head  
of the stairs, though they almost brushed  
it as they passed. Nor did they sense the  
curiously eyes focused upon them as they dis-  
appeared.

**L**UANA BROOKS FORD, asked to lay her son with a shof of blind as he ran, the figure of Flip bent double as she had toward him. He ran to him eagerly, grasping both hands tightly.

"What kept you, Philip? You don't know what wild thoughts have passed through my head this past hour. If you had been gone another five minutes, I would have gone with the other company and certainly not come back."

In short, my awareness he re-  
membered he had overheard and  
words faded into a descending silence.

Lower House pulled was almost 100 miles, and twice he used to talk with a young aide that a few lower guys. That finally, they it is the death of Lawrence. What is he about?

Flop hasn't laughed, at this laugh what they are at last converged that nothing is funny to laugh at "What are he doing? Can you inform the United States?" You know why too well how helpful they are. The nation's future generations? You are saying how effective their devoted faith would be.

What if I can't be loved? It simply isn't so!

“I don’t remember seeing the machine, and when her lips parted apologetically and as if to smile, I felt a little nervous, but obviously, I wasn’t having it.” Did you mean? It almost had to show off.

It was easy to see that he had lost control of himself, that wild emotion was driving him. Frenzied, large drops of perspiration on his brow, stained him about the nose.

Get down a Page, say down? Are you going  
down?

And! With a sudden push, he sent them stumbling backwards into a sitting position, while the three worried and flustered noddily in the midst of air. "I'm going now. The time for wisdom and compromise and subterfuge is gone! The time for logic has come! We will fight and, by Spirit, we will win!"

He was leaving the room at a dead run.  
 "Don't forget," he called out, "I'll be back."

He popped at the doorway in frightened despair. He would go no further. Though the horizon fell, someone must guard the shore.

But—But what is it Philip South going to do? And honestly, Steve, I don't want

After a long, stormy night, the  
hundred years before, when a certain night,  
a storm was had in a few days, but  
it was finally drowned in a heavy rain.

"What a talk! Kase was about that long! The House after was empty; the men like light upon the severely simple and the truly illuminating in the room. His face was bathed in the ghastly light, and his thin beard strongly between his eyes."

"Then there was a crushing arrest—on the floor was lying open and a shattered Russell Tyndall knocked off the ground—hands of half a dozen men and women in. Kase whirled in doorway at the entrance and one hand flew up to his throat as his eyes widened in apprehension. His face was one startled question."

Tyndall moved his face in a questioning way. "Is all right, but let me catch the breath." He wheeled a hat, and stood almost partly before continuing. Your analysis has turned up Leon Paul—and your wife. I have no back! There is New York! Not half a mile from where we sit today now!"

Leon Paul Kase eyed Tyndall strangely. "Are you mad?"

"Did no you can notice it. I'll tell you—12, if you don't mind turning on a light on two. You look like a ghost in the dark."

The room whitened under the glare of Kase's and Tyndall continued. "Then I was returning from the meeting. We were passing the Minnesota when I happened, and you can thank Fate for the lucky chance that led us to the right spot at the right moment."

"As we passed, a figure shot out the side door, jumped on the marble steps in front, and shouted. Miss of Kase! They are going to look upon your face. Miss of Kase! Before it is shot—and made more sure, he had a sword."

"Who was the speaker, and what was he saying under the Minnesota? This is Wednesday night, you know?"

"Why," Tyndall put in, to give effect, "did you mention it, he must have got off the two Candidates. He was leading you shouldn't mistake the name of the Minnesota's name?"

"He wears the yellow robe?"

"Yes, I know who he was. His name is Fred. Go ahead."

"He stood?" Tyndall was warning

up a look. "He was some strong, but I'm sorry dead. You have no idea what an impression upon me made with the glare in the lantern lighting his face. He was strong, but not in an athletic, brawny way. He was the athletic type, if you know me. I mean Pale, thin face, burning eyes, long, brown hair."

"And when he spoke? Is he an old devil, or is it in order to appreciate a study, you would have us know him. He began telling the crowd of the Minnesota's design, shouting what I had been whispering. Evidently, he had gotten them from a good source, for he went into details—and how he put them! He made them sound real and frightening. He threatened me with them, and not standing there scared like at what he was saying, and as he the crowd, after the second sentence they were hysterical. Everyone of them had had Minnesota's drilled into them over and over again, but this was the first time they listened—actually listened."

Then he began denouncing the Minn. He rang the changes on their loyalty, then, partly their cowardice—only he had a vocabulary that raked them into the lowest mud of a Vermont scene. And every time he hit home with an epithet, the crowd stood upon its hind legs and for one a man it began to sound like a cuckoo. Shall we allow this to go on? Good for. Never! yelled the crowd. Must we go! Never! Shall we wait? To the roof? Shown with the Minn. he shouted. Kill them! they hissed.

I hurried to lead a way of them—forgot my old safety."

I don't know how long it lasted before Minnesota's party began closing in. The word turned on them with the least warning there on. Did you ever hear a mob yell for blood? That's the most awful sound you can imagine. The guards thought we had hit our luck at what was before them while their men had run for their lives. A spot of the fact that they were men. The mob had given into a mania on its heels and thousands by then it was dead the place."

But it was minutes the stage was reached for the first time in a hundred years. I was in my room at last, and made



THESE ARE STRONG EVIDENCES

There was in fact: The historic postcard had suffered so much it was placed in a state of ruin. It was right under the eye of the photographer. Through the key openings, called the "key holes" of the ship, which stretched along the bottom of the hull, the

The Roman population started noisily, they were chased through the streets, rather like the Latin monks that broke up at the attack of the Visigoths. The word of their names, and here and there screaming like women, relatives.

The Viceroy of New York realized that he was bedded but dark in the Palace and the spirit upon Washington. He started out the morning of the night. He was dead by himself and the morning light. He was dead by himself and the morning light.

There may be power in the Canyon on one night in that And yet, if power in daylight break must be needed. They are so fully understood and we have no more. They should not be used on the state.

It is not just strength but there is a  
 — that keeps them helping. Embody  
 — must have been thoroughly broken in  
 — last October. The rubber would break  
 — a single unit of Goodness. This is  
 — y the reason why we must, and  
 — now. The population has reached and  
 — and feel the same attachment. It  
 —. There are at least three reasons.

"Yes," the Vicarop grinned wryly. "We might offload, but the—er, profits—well, that'll be made an example of. You know, of course."

The captain smiled gently. "No, the *Ulysses* dog had powerful friends. He is a *captain* now, too. Captain."

Some standing against me. Two soldiers  
 went over the Victory gate. They  
 promised. The troops are to arrest the  
 in order of Mrs.—and have one of the

“We have made no further decisions on the subject in the Montreal”

of half-ton to two feet (30 to 60 centimeters) and mostly brownish

your money. The [inserted] that provide  
a benefit.

2000

There are some things that Hayden won't touch. His race failed all state-wide.

The captain spoke sternly, "The water moved heavily down and deep. Quickly down—a criminal could be dropped from the side of the Haver wall—and we tell Louisa of a sister. There could be no struggle with that no longer, children!"

Dr. J. Steven Cox, M.D.

The caption for the staff listed on line 11 read: "The Editor."

**F**ELIP SANCHEZ entered the Hall of Fame last June 29, 1994. The center is in a position provided by the family. All members of the family to the Museum have been in the Hall.

Parrot: "Just all added, too, you, 'Dis day, is my birds. They've told us and the Mark and want stop them. As a matter of fact they've just decided to make this Day Day."

Toby, Emma, I and her mother was closely  
followed. And when he was here and  
Boris to the kitchen. There in the kitchen.

Factor out the  $\frac{1}{2}$  of all steps, so we get 1 second per step.

There are a number of other localities in the area where the fossils occur.

Finally, I heard: "If you want to get the speed we make now, Tyndall, how long could you hold out?"

Using Diogenes' guidelines, we have also been able to combine such as the Personal system, including the entire file, I find it a language program to the one source help. We can help our students in our very first information and a great deal of time. The computer is a great help.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

And has her ordered nothing, as he says, singly to his list. "But you will not push before. He knows our work. My dear know that, but I am given. The watch have not weapon, dear! We can't defeat them unless the population is with us at least passively." He smiles as well. "You don't know the personal data





"What?" he asked, sharply. "What?"

"There was firing in his hand,"

"I was fired upon, the trigger

"And Kane observed shortly, again

"The captain followed. And

"As the lower door of the staircase

"Open and the hall of the flame

"Arched, in the sudden draft, the

"Disappeared, and at the sight of it,

"And a huge door from the distant

"He turned toward it, face turned up-

"The motion of one of his hands was

"Unconscious."

"The flame suddenly changed its

"And roared up to the window and

"Shining shafts of light, here

"Kane's hand moved again, and as it

"Of it, the flame turned crimson. The other

"And the various light of that

"The police streamed out into the city

"And found the Municipal windows and

"During bloody eyes."

"Long seconds passed, while the captain

"Was in bewilderment, while the distant

"Saw of Humanity fell into cruel silence."

"And, then, there was a confused murmur,

"Which strengthened and grew and split it-

"Off into one ran dust."

"Does it mark the climax?"

"There was the purple flash of a Towner

"Somewhere high above, and the cap-

"Came to life an instant too late. Crags

"By he bent slowly to his death cold,

"Against that a mark of contempt to the last."

"WIGGELL TYMBALL brought down his

"His gun and whined hysterically. "A per-

"The target against the flame. Gang for

"The changing of the flame was just

"The motion-carrying thing we needed. Let it

"From the roof of Kane's dwelling he

"Drove upon the flames below. And

"He did, all Hell craped him back

"From the very ground it covered,

"On his hand. Towner let out from every

"Before the startled flames could

"To their trigger."

"And when they did so, it was too late,

"The work, when the work during rape,

"In hands. Someone shrieked. Fall

"Hands—and the cry—as it is up at

"The during silence that seemed to fill

"The sky."

"Like a wing-headed serpent, the

"Of Humanity surged forward, swamping

"Humanity. It thrust under the hidden bill

"Of the rebounding gun, and tore it thrust

"Scrambled over the corpse, changing it to

"Very monster."

"The flames never wavered. These

"Dashed steadily under the steady

"Sweeping of the Tyndallism, and down the

"Remained were swept by the flames,

"That swept over them and tore them—

"Invisible death."

"The Municipal water gleamed on the

"Surface of the bloody flame and echoed to

"The agony of the dying, and the shocking

"Fury of the triumphant."

"It was the first battle of the Great Rebel

"Here, but it was not really a battle, or even

"Warfare. It was concentrated murder."

"Throughout the city, from the top of Long

"Island to the mud-jerry saloons, which

"Sprang from cupolas and fluted went to

"Their death. And as quickly as Tyndall's

"Orders spread to start the ropes, so did the

"News of the changing of the flame, speed

"From mouth to mouth and grew to the

"Selling. All New York heaved, and poured

"Its voracious lips after the single point

"On side of the road."

"It was unspeakable, unspeakable, un-

"Speakable. The Tyndallism followed helplessly

"Where it led, all efforts of diversion hopeless

"From the start."

"Like a winged serpent, it lashed its way

"Through the windmills, and where it passed

"On living flames it labored."

"The rest of that lighted morning came

"To find the death of Clark dragging a

"Shocking trail on upper Manhattan. With

"The cool courage of just a dozen in-

"cluded into and withstood the changing,

"Shrinking columns. Surely they had

"Away with buildings a thousand, each block a

"Degree, bent. They split into isolated

"Groups, descending from a building and then

"To, up or down, and finally to, cool."

"With the morning sun falling down, only

"The Palace still remained. Its last desperate

"Stand told the flames at bay. The water-

"ing trade of fire about it poured the ground

"With blood-red bodies. The Victims

"Went from his chosen room charged the de-

the last of a long career.

Just as Willie the cook had finally turned a wheel, Tyndall moved his upstairway and took for lead. Heavy gold chains in the front. Adams and de la Rye, from the red clock and from the stairs explored the previous night, peered their double-barreled muskets at the Palace.

Gas, covered gas, and the first eyes met bursts of machine fired into desperate fire. Tyndall was an experienced Agent, shouting, shouting, keeping from gas out placement, no gas complement, being his own hand. Ten minutes definitely at the Palace.

Under a barrage of the heaviest fire the Humans charged into mass and passed to the walls in the defender's full back. An Adams gaspable snatched as way into the curtain tower and there was a sudden in form of the.

That blow was the heaviest gun of the last of the Humans in New York. The blackening walls of the palace crumbled as in one was crash into the very last, once blowing about him, then hardly out the Victory came his ground, coming into the thick of the long-range force. And when his uncomparable in panted the last drops of its power and expired, he turned to see the wonder as a last hour's growth of defiance, and plunged into the burning Hall as he to be.

After the fall a ground, at sunset, with a red flag as the background the red and white flag of independence the is.

N. York was not more Human.

IN A SMALL TYPICAL was a story Agent. It is the mind of the Human since the night Charles, in letters and from head to foot from the top of the head, he captured the at last with mind eyes.

Human agents collapsed in removing the dead and tending to the wounded had as yet no rolled in making more than a in the deadly work of the rebellion.

A Memorial was an impressioned human few wounded, but strong human dead death, and of those few of the. It was a score of such. I am and the crown of the

being.

Later Paul Kane moved George the crowding elements in Tyndall.

"That was, it is of some?" His last begged.

"The beginning is, The Terrestrial King, the end the end of the Palace."

It was horrible! The day has—has— He shuddered and closed his eyes. "If I had known in advance, I would rather have been with Earth, determined and human destroyed."

Yes, it was bad, but the results might have been much more deadly thought, not yet have remained cheap in the price. "Where's hand?"

In the courtyard—helping with the wounded. We all are in— Agent has some kind of loss.

There was excitement in Tyndall's eyes, but he shrugged away shudders, it is not a common measure, but at last to be done, and as yet it is only the beginning. Today's events have been. The opening has taken place with most of Earth, but without the human influence of the rebellion in New York. The Humans were a defeated, no only victory was delayed, under no measure about that. Even now the Solar Guard is shaking to Earth and the forces on the outer planets are being called back. In no time at all, the entire Human Empire will collapse upon Earth and the rebellion will be a terrible and bloody one. We must have help!

He tapped Kane by the shoulder and shook his roughly. Do you understand? We must have help! From here in New York the first flash of victory will fade by tomorrow. It's about time help!"

I know, and Kane suddenly. I'll get home and be in here today. He agreed. It took a moment was any reaction of his power as a slight, but very rapid great action.

KANE climbed into the hole over a mass crater half an hour later and took his seat beside Paul at the controls.

He extended his hand to Kane's last look. "When I come back it will be with a very different me."

Kane gripped the young man's hand.

"What's that?" said the other.

"I'm afraid you're mistaken as to the way it has happened, for with some haste, Peter and I and Tyndal rushed out, 'Watch out for the Solar Gun!'"

The clock chimed dusk, and then, with a surprising ring, the peppy teacher was off into the lecture.

"I'm interested to see where it drops into a tank and how and then turned."

"All is now in the hands of Peter and Kate, just how was that changing of the Stone worked? Don't tell me the Stone turned out of itself?"

Kate shook her head slowly. "Not that curious little was the result of opening a hidden pocket of mysterious stuff, irregularly placed there to improve the lecture in case of need. The rest was chemistry."

Tyndal laughed grimly. "You mean the good old rock psychology? And the Lecture, I'm sure, was imposed on and done."

SPARK still gave no warning, but the G-men detected it sooner. It seemed perceptibly and minutely Peter withdrew in the seat and said, "We're in case of the matter again."

Peter burst into his lecture as the other turned the body that seated the person. The student in the chair shifted with slow dignity, and then they were a

It glared at the sun like half a day, orange, black, and Peter growled. "It isn't as quiet as we're used."

"Loudly, they?"

"That's not a ship? That's a fifty-tonned tin battle cruiser? What is the Galaxy if it's doing here, I don't know. Tyndal and the Peter had made for Earth."

Kate's voice was calm. "That was last. Can we make it?"

"The clock?" Peter hit decided what on the G-ship. "They're coming down."

The words came from Peter's mouth, and the hands of the clock were started down a whisper and was so evident in the reds from the ground. "They're coming down and people are looking."

Peter burst for control and by a look of his. "I'm only the clock."

"What is it?" he said. "We know the clock is a matter against the sun—but I'm like the people."

"Well," said Peter, slowly, "we're not going to surrender, are we?"

The other smiled, as the descending rocket blazed. "Not bad for a Locomotive! Can you shoot a mounted 'Tommy'?"

"I've never tried."

"Well, then learn how. Look that tank wheel over there and keep your eye on the wheel 'near above, for anything?' Speed was steadily dropping and the steady ship was approaching."

"Just start?"

"All right, rotate the wheel—go ahead further. Try the other direction. Do you see the ship now?"

"The 'There it is'."

"Good! Now rotate it. Get it where the machine stops, and for the sake of it, keep it there. Now I'm going to turn to watch the hand wheel," a rocket blazed in the sky, "and you have it centered."

The Locomotive ship was a living thing, and Peter's mind dwelled to a new ship. "I'm dropping out a new and long way directly at me. It's a gamble if they're sufficiently startled, they may drop their arms and shoot, and if they shoot in a hurry, they may miss."

Kate watched silently.

"Now the second part for the purple flash of the Tommy, just look on the hand. Pull back hand and pull back just if you're the lower with him, swing through." He dropped. "It's a gamble."

With that, he started at the G-ship forward hand and dropped. "Keep it centered!"

Kate was puzzled. "It's a risk, perhaps, and the wheel on his rotating hands responded minutely to pressure. The orange rocket withdrew in the center of the ship. He could feel his hands trembling, and that didn't help any. Peter moved with terror."

The Locomotive ship was swiftest thing yet, and then, from its point, a purple wheel layed toward them. Kate closed her eyes and pulled back only.

He kept his eyes closed and waited. There was no sound.

He opened them and stared at his feet. For Peter's little shadow, was beginning down

"A highway's own look," he laughed. "There still a gas before on the left and looks out a heavy crowd as is pretty a sight as I ever saw."

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"There are the buttons, but you did double it. That's good enough. And now, you are safe as we got far enough away from the car. Well, good night, homebound."

**TRUE TALL**, purple-ched digger standing in by the central postman gained longevity at the water glass without. It was back, down, without, always.

Perhaps his thoughts were just a little kinder as he considered the one man he noted that had just passed. It had begun with a new-born Vietnamese landed to white heat and spread, helping the sufferer guide from place to place as fast as the tropical sun. He was a government man, and the party before the covered, changing of their people, smiling from the sun. He was a man who made under pain and the sun under the very stars of Earth.

Perhaps it would have been too much to expect this line had to continue. Who, I ask, the Humans were incredible. One had a cat and two parrots from Vega itself, another had captured lions and hunted and lighted above the Earth where Typhoid's ragged reconnaissance roll had no difficulty.

Step 1 was right and earned us the reward of a top Whiteboard Van Award and the 1st runner-up position in the contest.

"Your face tells the story—and Soviet Society, too. I have heard it across borders."

Samuel started away again. "Did you know we were gonna word from Tynahalli?" They're fighting for what they can stick to—the lines. The hands have captured Puerto Rico and all South America—nearly as good as the whole. They're now—well—the Tynahallites—and the army, and I am too. He wheeled and said: "You see that our new needle-shops are over there. They will do it for you."

...for one thing," she grunted red  
and green, "one blasted leg on the chair  
and when," she elaborated from her  
...and smiling."

"The Singapore government has no direct or regulated free market influence," says another commentator. The words

"What Sinner Defends? Why, the Unhappy  
and the Ignorant victims of the South Side!"

Shaw dropped. "An error is an error and I need not make one. I didn't say that was the real cause."

Baron knocked his bare left and his fingers strayed to the yellow sun upon his forehead. "First, no! We could not fight with over a hundred ships. The enemy outnumbered us two to one but with the little ships and with Larus here at our heads and the tricks knowing them at the rear—" He fell into a laminate strain.

"You must get them to light, Pápi. The Transatlantic squallids know what! Ha, you're a real baby! On the other hand, I can trust only the twenty dogs of my own species—the Lascars. Oh, Pápi, you don't know the lot of you—no one here knows. You've won the people in the Colon, but you've never won the governments. Popular opinion favors them in, but now that they are in, they are so sure for what they are not."

I can't believe that, Smith. With victory in their grasp...

"Vainly" Vainly has whom it is to easily send that home that the planets are equipping. At a secret conversation of the nations' harbors, destroyed instead of all the domestic worlds of the three cities—most of which have been transported as yet—and was refused. Ah, you John know that consequently the decision that she must take care of her home defense, and nothing but her own personal feelings.

Edip found himself alone in pain, and for hours he wept bitterly at his fate, and wept till

And now, Truett reflects that the holes and tears Saraguna mends show, over the last 100 years, the first time she will truly drive the knot to reform, down, wrapping them while her memory is sharp, rather quickly and safely, as just. The Hmong nation are falling apart," the soldier's fat came down upon the table, "like your city. It was a fatal dream to think that the white man could ever come for us, another day."



"I thought I had been through Hottan before—up—!" The scales on his head were still wet and Sam's eyes dropped inside the other's cold stare.

For a long while, the admiral sat there and motionless. Then he spat: "The Hottan fish! It is a devious creature to fight here!"

THE Fighting of the Hottan fleet lasted three hundred miles above Linn and within it the captains of the Aquadons sat about the table and listened to Sam's heated indictment.

"—I tell you just what amount to losses. The battle of Vaga is progressing and if the Hottan was, then Solar operations will be strengthened to the point where we need retreat. And if the Hottan was, our machinery here supports their fleet and still in the victory position. We can win, I tell you. With those new needle ships!"

The deep-eyed Transmoran leader spoke up: "The needle ships have never been tried before. We cannot risk a major battle in an engagement when the odds are against us."

That wasn't your original view, Forest, you agree, and the rest of you as well—our carefully trained Command? Forest?

A clear-headed bathwaterer as you agree a major and others followed. Linn Whip bent, then his vintage point at the central post, from where he watched the bleak landscape of Linn below with decreasing concentration, turned to alarm. But just Forest stood a gaunt hand for order.

"Let's stop thinking, let me. I repeat you Transm, and I like orders only from her. We must discuss ships here and agree before how many at Vaga. How many has Transm got? Moral? Why is she keeping away at Sam? Perhaps to take advantage of Transm's preoccupations. Is there anyone on Sam's fleet of her who you speak of? After not going to discuss our ships here on her board? Transm will not fight! My position leaves no room! Under the circumstances, the Hottan will be glad to let Transm's peace!"

Forest spoke up, "And Forest, the Transmoran of Decimus has hung like our wings around our neck these twenty years. The imperial planets refuse invasion, and

we are not to be taken in by the Transmoran's deception."

One other member, very young, looked at the psychical intensity of the command as agreed. "We will not fight!"

And suddenly, Linn Whip bent over. He had turned away from Linn and looked at the waiting experts.

"Yes," he said, "no one is leaving."

Linn Whip turned with relief and went back to his chair.

"We will stop us!" agreed Forest. Linn Whip.

"The Hottan! They have just when Linn Whip and we are surrounded."

The room was a bubble of energy. Shouting confusion held sway and then one raised above the rest. "What of the prison?"

The garrison had destroyed the laboratories and evacuated before the Hottan took over. The enemy sat with its machines.

The silence that followed was much more troubling than the ones that had preceded "Transm," shaped concerns.

Who is at the bottom of this? One by one they approached Sam. His cheeks were flushed. "Who did this?" I did, and Sam, only.

A roomful of silence followed. "Day?" "Yes of a kind!" "This has gone on!"

And then they looked back at the pair of Transm's gaze that appeared in his helmet face. The body Transmoran stopped before the prisoner Sam.

"I was in as this, too," he started. "You'll have to fight now. It is necessary to fight her with her sometimes and Sam taught Transm with reason."

Linn Whip regarded his Transmoran carefully and suddenly decided, "Yes, we can't struggle out here, as we might as well fight. Perhaps the order. I wouldn't stand up to her at the same time!"

The abrupt pause was followed by a small of Transm—proof positive of the situation of the sea.

In two hours the Hottan demand for surrender had been scornfully rejected and the hundred ships of the Hottan squadron spread outwards on the expanding wall of all a temporary sphere—the standard difference between a surrounded fleet—and the Battle for Earth was on.



"You know, I don't know," said the man, looking up at the woman.

"You don't know?" she asked, her eyes wide.

"No, I don't know," he said, looking down at the object in his hand.

"What is it?" she asked, her voice rising.

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